Should We Lift the Cultural Dimout? . . By John W. Dodds

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Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

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Reviewed by William Lynch

Within Leland Stowe's "They Shall Not Sleep" are "compassion and indignation, hunger and gluttony, and a recipe for the world of tomorrow." (See page 11)

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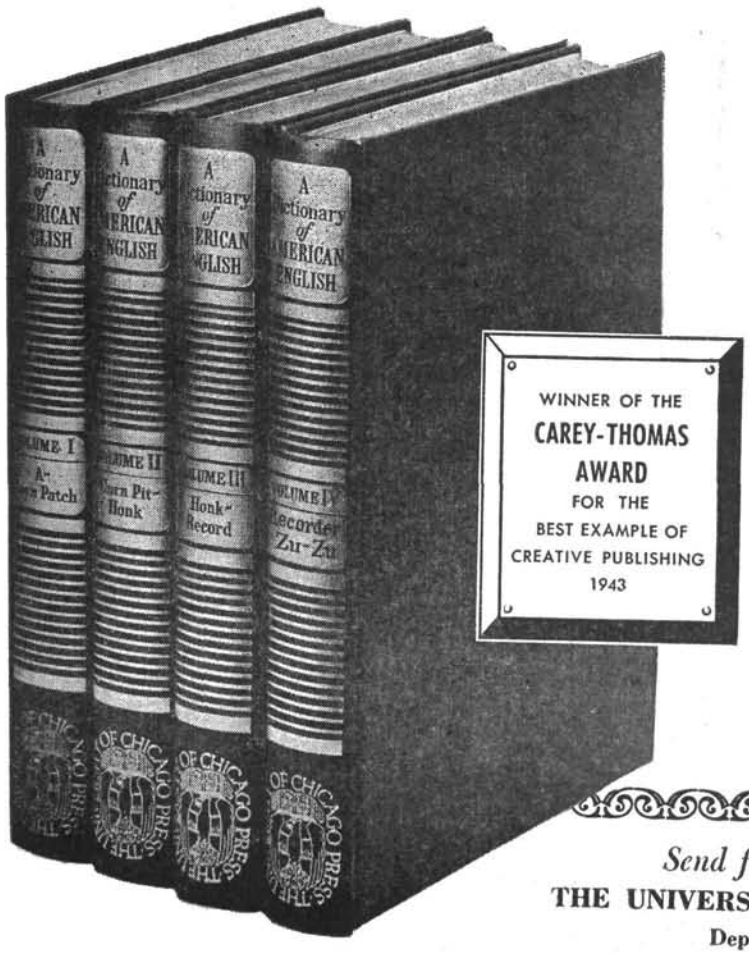

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Should We Lift the Cultural Dimout?

The Humanities Are Rapidly Reaching the Starvation Stage

JOHN W. DODDS
Dean, School of Humanities, Stanford University

FOR some years now—well before Pearl Harbor—the apostles of culture have been talking about the necessity of "defending the humanities." During the long decade of the depression professors of the humanities in colleges and universities watched their students slip away to the more immediately comforting aegis of the sciences, natural and social. Potential English students chose to elect economics and sociology, and the humanists retired in professional conclave to lick their wounds and decide What Ought to Be Done About It. Thoughtful people have sometimes wondered, and have contemplated in print, whether a discipline which needs such continuous protection is worth defending.

In the last year it has become clear that the lean days of the thirties were really a feast compared with the famine of the forties. The humanities which were then going have been in danger of complete academic disappearance; under the pressure of total war they were being swept out the back door with the other potsherds of unnecessary culture. Those in official and military circles who were faced with the appalling responsibility of winning the war lightened the boat by jettisoning most of that which did not seem immediately practical. Quotations from Keats or Cervantes—so the argument runs—leave the Nazis unimpressed; another course in Free Will and Determinism will not help the young man who is to fight in a Pacific fox-hole. So let's quick-freeze the humanities (except for certain tools) and put them gently on the shelf against the time when daydreams will once more be respectable!

The last thing which any honest humanist would advocate is that sonnets and dialectics should replace guns and airplanes, or stand in the way of the technical training which makes possible the winning of a modern war. Much harm has been done the cause of liberal studies by those who yearn for business as usual in education, who in a time of great national crisis would draw charmèd circles about their ivory towers and spend their time mumbling cultural abracadabra. If the humanities, as they are taught, have nothing to give to the winning of the war, if they can contribute nothing toward the solution of the future dislocations of a post-war world, then by all means let us away with them in the duration. If, on the other hand, these disciplines can be shown to be not merely peripheral adornments of luxurious peace but friends and aiders

in the face of catastrophe, by all means let us keep as much of them as we need to give steel to our hearts and intelligence to our beliefs. We can do with a minimum of noble talk, but we do need some clear thinking. And that involves, in a tottering world, getting some sort of focus on relative values. Stupidity and self-interest are not the only home-hazards which face a country at war. There is also a kind of intellectual hysteria which paralyzes thought.

The critics, in attacking the professors and administrators who have been beating their beautiful wings in vain on behalf of their special interests, have served a distinct therapeutic purpose. Nevertheless, something is being lost in the confusion. The infant (to change the figure) is in danger of disappearing with the bath, and he needs to be recovered.

* * *

IF liberal studies have fallen upon evil days it may well be in part the fault of their practitioners. And if that is true, we need to point a remedy as well as diagnose the disease.

Certainly civilization has never been the exclusive property of the colleges and universities, nor have professors been designated by oracle to become its preservers. At one time in history the medieval monks did become that for the ancient world; it is hardly likely that modern university monasticism will have to duplicate the performance. The very complexity of our modern culture, however, makes necessary the tracing of some pattern for those who would live what the craft has always called "the good life." The good life at this moment may be on a battlefield rather than in the study, yet one cannot blame the young man in 1-A if the reasons for that are not immediately apparent. In times of peace it may be part of the humanist's function to make clear the esthetic delights of the gentle life. In time of war it may be his task to show that there are ideas worth dying for. In either case it is the professor's job to make viable to young men and women the living nature of the culture which they inherit, and the course of which they may help to shape. This knowledge of what men ought to live by will not come inevitably to the young person through the pores. In this year of grace young men on the verge of induction are facing stupendous personal problems. It is not so much a question of what they will do with their lives (selective service will take care of that) as why they are doing it, and for what ultimate goal. Their answers to those questions will determine in part even their military effectiveness.

One is impressed these days by the

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number of young men who are being drafted into the armed services willingly enough, but without any very deep conviction or any real sense of what they are fighting for. Their simple and honest questions are as difficult as seemingly simple questions often are. Nor will the answers be had by herding several thousand of them together in a barn and addressing them on "war aims." This sense of values which alone makes possible intelligent fighting, this appreciation of the complex totality of all that makes for true patriotism, is the province of the humanities.

If teachers are failing, the greater their disgrace; it is no proper answer to say that they have nothing worth teaching. It is here, however, that some of the custodians of the humanities must face the charge of misinterpreting their high mission. One does not deny the fertilizing power of real scholarship when he says that "scholarship" in the humanities is too often synonymous with pedantry. The humanities sold part of their birthright when, at the end of the last century, they wooed German methods of scholarship and tried to ape the sciences. Some of our so-called scholarship is mere antiquarianism. As such it is respectable enough, and it not infrequently furnishes the materials upon which real scholarship can operate. But it smells to high heaven when it tries to make itself the sole or even the sufficient guardian of academic scholarly integrity. The notes or queries which many of us append to the tail of scholarship can be had by anyone with sufficient industry and with legs strong enough to endure hours of standing on library step-ladders. A rocking-horse is not Pegasus. And frequently these same persons, impregnated in the graduate schools with the pseudo-scientific virus, go forth to teach the sophomore, whose ability to absorb punishment is almost beyond calculation, the attitudes and methods which their learned societies have said are the only respectable ones.

If the academic humanists are suspect in the broader intellectual world today it is because they have in some degree earned that suspicion. They are driven by professional protocols, or by their own imaginative limitations, into a worm's-eye view of their great cultural heritage. And when incipient revolts have been made against the System they have too often been sponsored by academicians whose esthetic preciosity has hurt the cause of true humanism almost as much as the myopia of the "scientific" scholar.

The academic crisis, therefore, is not merely one forced by a world-catastrophe. It is in part an internal crisis, a crisis of peace as well as of war. Part of the cure lies in a change of heart and a professorial procession to the mourner's bench. The unregenerate, standing in the rear of the tabernacle, will cry that the converts have lost all respect for *facts* and have given themselves over to spongy generalization. This simply is not true of the scholarship which must be brought to the humanities if they are to survive the pressures of these times. Such scholarship must be built on facts, to be sure, but it must transcend them. It must somehow recapture for a needy generation the living reality of humanistic ideas. Only such ideas can help to create balanced personalities in an age of dislocation and confusion. Scholarship as we have known it must be wedded to imagination if it is to influence life today. It must have the penetration to move forward to a design which will make the best that has been known and thought in the world come alive for the young men and women of our time. They face a future for which there will never be a blueprint, but the mastery of which will require energy and imagination and a broad comprehension of the best that is possible.

* * *

IF the humanities are getting rough treatment today, therefore, their decline must to some extent be laid at the doorsteps of those who have failed to validate them as necessary, not only for living graciously in times of peace, but also for fighting intelligently in time of war. In the humanities one should learn, not didactically, but in the very tissues of the disciplines themselves, the grounds of relevant and courageous thought and feeling.

The difficulty with some of the critics is that they seem to identify liberal studies with the kind of scholarship which they properly reprehend, and so to turn out to pasture as dispensable in time of crisis the humanities as such. Not all scholarship, even today, is pedantry; and we cannot safely ignore the humanities if we are to fight either bravely or well. No one expects the army to wait for its young men to get a four-year liberal education while the Japanese move into Australia. Nevertheless, some attention should be given to studies, other than mathematics and physics, which can present themselves as weapons in what has so often been called an ideological war. Not long ago Archibald MacLeish spoke well on this point when he said that "even the reformed isolationists have discovered that this war is a war, not for the continents and islands which distance can protect, but for men's minds and the kingdoms which men have in their

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minds established—things which no oceans and no distance and no fleets of battleships could ever make secure."

One thing more needs to be said. In time of war spiritual toughness and resiliency are just as important as physical stamina. Indecencies and ignobilities have been set loose over the earth, and we need to be reminded of the dignity of man, to remember that he is potentially noble, and to learn the infinite worth of the individual. The humanities at their best, far from being merely an escape from life, can be a stay to us in present crises. They feed those inner resources of the human being without which madness and despair lie just around the corner. Shakespeare, for example, teaches us no neat moral lessons. He has no easy solutions to the problems of waste and disaster and sufferings which afflict mankind.

But one does learn from the reading of a Shakespearean tragedy that man has that within him which can laugh at disaster and triumph over defeat. He can rise above the cataclysms which overwhelm him. Even as he goes down to seeming ruin he can discover within himself the triumphant invincibility of the human spirit. Human values still exist, and will endure beyond the shadow of our time.

Unless we Americans can get some pattern of belief and understanding which will give us a moral and intellectual equivalent for the principles which have become a religion to a generation of National Socialists, we shall be the victims of a cultural dimout no matter how glorious our military victories. The humanities, and liberal studies generally, because they interpret the human spirit at its fullest, have values for both war and peace. We must not allow the excesses of their defenders or the deficiencies of some of their practitioners to obscure the necessity of using them today. Somehow we must keep alive at home the civilization our soldiers are fighting to defend. More than that, we must make the great concepts of that civilization weapons in a war of ideas.

Charles Jackson

The Drowning in the Abyss

THE LOST WEEK-END. By Charles Jackson. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1944 244 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

CHARLES JACKSON, author of radio plays, the most memorable of which is "The Devil and Daniel Webster," has produced a first novel that is a literary *tour de force* and that has the impact of a sledge-hammer on the reader's mind. "The Lost Week-End" is the terrifying recital of five days in an alcoholic's life. What happens to Don Birnam in those five days and four nights makes Dante's lower hells seem pale.

Mr. Jackson appears to have selected for his "hero" the perfect alcoholic. Charming, sensitive, well-read, young enough to survive the poison he imbibes and the assaults his body endures, he has the ingratiating and subtle qualities needed to carry him through his latest debauch so that he may live to drink again. At thirty-three he is a worthless human being, a torment to his fond and prosperous brother and to the devoted woman who patiently waits for the end of every binge to pick up and nurse the shattered wreck of a man who will never be of any use to her, to whom she is tied forever by unbreakable links of compassion and frustrated love. His sensitive mind, as sharp as a wild animal's seeking its food, enables him to foresee and perhaps avoid the worst catastrophies that can befall an outwardly unconscious man staggering around New York.

This particular week-end through which Mr. Jackson relentlessly follows him is marked by a red-letter day in any dipsomaniac's life, one step further toward his ultimate, disgraceful dissolution. On the third day he falls airily down two flights of stairs, miraculously unharmed from the first drop, but striking a post at the bottom of the second. The resulting mild concussion sends him to the popular alcoholic ward of a hospital. It will not, the reader is certain, be his last involuntary visit to Bellevue, though the author's description of that meeting-place of lost souls is enough to make the sane man look twice at his cocktail before swallowing it.

But the word sane is inaccurate in relation to the alcoholic. As Mr. Jackson points out, this man is ill, and all others like him, of an incurable disease, incurable in the sense that, while some inner urge toward self-preservation, or some vital, submerged purpose in life, may save him some day by forcing him to stop drinking, he will always be an arrested case, forever unable to take the single drink that will be the one too many.

The novel accomplishes more than the outward tale of this man's terror-ridden five days. He delves into his memories from his childhood on and into the subconscious thought revealed by his sweating nightmares and his exulting and glowing day-dreams. He tracks down relentlessly the mystery that perhaps alone forces the reader to continue this painfully masochistic novel to the last page. Why does this man try to destroy himself, how can he endure his recurrent agony, the loss of friends, love, and honor? Is it death, a kind of slow suicide that he wants? No, because he is unable to kill himself; he cannot throw himself from windows, or slash his wrists. Is it oblivion he seeks? No, since he knows that for a time alcohol will only stimulate his perceptions of his shame and the self-pity that are his worst torments. Nor is it pleasure in the taste of alcohol, for if his sure foreknowledge of the horrors he must endure is pleasure, then in comparison hemlock and aquafortis would become a precious liqueur. He drinks, then, to hide a secret from himself, a knowledge of something that he cannot and will not face, so that when its ghastly image looks up at him from the floor, or out of the pages of a book, from anywhere, at any moment, he must drive it back again into the cell in his mind from which it escaped, in the only way he knows; by drowning it in drink.

If it takes a stout heart to go through this novel, it nevertheless has a compelling fascination. The author has taken this unlikely subject and has made something of a masterpiece of it, a book so powerful and understanding that many readers will find themselves riveted to their chairs until the end. It is a mystery story and a horror story and a revelation of the forces that can move a man, who like tens of thousands of our unhappy fellow beings are doomed to live as if followed by all the werewolves and demons that the mind can conjure. It is a journey into fear, into the abyss.

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Times Out of Joint

ORESTES BROWNSON: Yankee, Radical, Catholic. By Theodore Maynard. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 456 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by THOMAS H. JOHNSON

ORESTES BROWNSON was a man of imposing intellectual endowments, with one of the most vigorously inquiring and polemical minds of his day. After his death in 1876, his "Works" were collected and arranged in twenty volumes by his son Henry, who later issued a comprehensive "Life" of his father in three volumes. But only very recently has the full stature of the man been estimated by students of history.

This life is written by one who, like Brownson, was a convert to Catholicism, and has therefore certain advantages of insight. One is nevertheless thrown badly off balance in attempting to review a biography wherein the author dismisses the first forty years of his subject's life—enormously busy and important ones—in the first quarter of his book, having declared in the foreword that they are interesting "only for a false start" before the final conversion. But such obvious limitations being taken for granted, there is much in the volume that is fresh and useful.

Born in 1803, in Stockbridge, Vermont, Brownson experienced travails of spirit in a continuous search for verities which led him successively to become a Presbyterian, a Universalist, an independent, a Unitarian minister, and finally a Roman Catholic. His interest during the thirties and early forties in Transcendentalism and Brook Farm, his liberal and socialistic projects, his original and controversial and often farsighted thoughts on social and political issues, his biting and vigorous expository style in the magazines he guided—these made his name, as time went on, a by-word for everything that smacked of "radicalism."

Beginning in 1928, under the influence of the feminist Fanny Wright, he supported the Workingman's Party. But seeing the misery of a great many people after the Panic of 1837, he came to feel that class struggle inevitably stemmed from the capitalist system. Reasoning thus, in 1840 he made a unique, probably a lasting, contribution to American thought in his essay "The Laboring Class." It is beside the point to compare Brownson and Marx, for Brownson added little to what already had been said by many important French pamphleteers, on whom he drew. The fact remains, however, that he did in point of time anticipate the German theorist. These forty years of his life, certainly the most varied and influential, have been subordinated by Brownson's most recent biographer. The consequent disproportion of the over-all estimate, and the fact that the earlier material is largely drawn from secondary sources, often antedated, renders this part of the book quite unsatisfactory.

But it is a useful study, and the chapters devoted to the latter half of

Orestes Brownson

Brownson's life correct certain misconceptions which until now have carelessly obtained. The thirty productive years that remained to Brownson after his final conversion in 1844 are here given ample treatment. Here are analyzed his intramural controversies —with Cardinal Newman, with Bishop Hughes, Bishop Purcell, and with others lesser in the hierarchy. Here his vigorous sorties against parochial schools and against the Jesuit Order are viewed with perspective. It is made clear that the strength of Brownson's belief in republican liberties, and his desire to preserve the Union during the Civil War, led him to say that Catholics themselves did not understand the deeper issues, and even to imply that the Pope himself misunderstood what was best for the Catholic mission in America. This gestating state of Brownson's mind was characteristic and continued till his death. It seems incontrovertibly clear that Brownson's conversion therefore was not a retirement into "reactionary complacence," as heretofore has been commonly argued. Brownson remained indefatigable in his lecturing and pamphleteering, and in his effort to enlighten members of his own persuasion concerning what he felt to be the destiny of America and Catholic Americans in shaping that destiny.

This book is understanding and detailed in its treatment of Brownson as a church influence. In the light of historical perspective, one increasingly feels that he was both ahead of his times and ahead of the American Catholic public, who neither wished for nor cared to use the mind and spirit he brought them. In France certainly, perhaps in England and Ireland, and probably elsewhere in Europe, there would have been a place for the scholastic range and skill of his later sympathies. His eccentric and unstable nature was as much a part of him as his rare gifts of insight and his honesty. But the circumstances of his time and place must share the responsibility for his failure to use those gifts effectively.

The problem is fascinating. As his "Works" come to be read more carefully, as the religious cross-currents of his century receive more thorough study, there is reason to believe that Brownson's stature will grow. There are factors yet to be investigated, both psychological and historical. There is not at present a truly comprehensive knowledge of the French reformers whom he read and corresponded with, or a detailed familiarity with American social conditions in his day. It cannot be merely fortuitous, for instance, that neighboring Connecticut River valley towns produced, at almost the same moment, boys so perfervidly "awakened" as Orestes Brownson and Joseph Smith of Mormon fame. One looks vainly to find why Brownson changed his religious views so rapidly. An answer will be serviceable to students of Utopian ventures.

One regrets the apologetic tone in this story of Brownson. To define Protestantism "as a kind of parasite living upon the [Catholic] Church," or to say that the neglect of "The American Republic" is such "as usually happens to anything a Catholic writes," will mystify scholars—Protestant and Catholic alike—who seek a more thorough understanding of American cultural history.

But it is a serviceable study, and Brownson, personal idiosyncracies aside (for much will probably always remain unaccountable in his career), seems by nature to have been a catalyzer: he changed others who thereafter themselves remained chemically metamorphosed. Yet in him the "divine discontent" was systemic. In that sense, and thus alone it seems to this reviewer, it may be said that Brownson never changed.

Thomas H. Johnson, now on the faculty of the Lawrenceville School, is a distinguished bibliographer in American literature.

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The Last Time He Saw Paris

THE ROAD BACK TO PARIS. By A. J. Liebling. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 300 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by SIDNEY L. MCGEE

TO many people, sentimentalists, perhaps, but possessing a sense of perspective, this war is less a struggle to destroy the perennial cancer of brutality represented by Nazism than it is a war to preserve something of *la douceur de vivre* in a world beset by materialism. To them it is France that must be saved, even if it means saving her from herself and from her politicians. To them France is a way of living that must be preserved.

A. J. Liebling, war correspondent for *The New Yorker,* belongs to this class. France represents to him "the historical continuity of intelligence and reasonable living." Thus he measures the progress of the war in terms of the distance covered on the road back to Paris; thus, after witnessing at Gafsa the victory of the American First Division over a German armored division, he could write as the closing words of his *reportage,* "If one American division could beat one German division, I thought then, a hundred American divisions could beat a hundred German divisions. . . . I knew deep down inside me after that that the road back to Paris was clear."

Mr. Liebling was nine months in France before the fall of Paris. His stories of the period fit the pattern which is already distressingly familiar: the absence of a warlike atmosphere (the Magasins du Louvre advertising on May 10, 1940: "Madame, it is your duty to be elegant."); the *drôle de guerre* along the Rhine (a young French soldier crossing the bridge at Strasbourg and stealing a German Christmas tree); the boredom; the false rumors; the internal strife.

The fall of Paris sent Mr. Liebling back to America, where he observed a repetition of the struggle between the Right and the Left which had preceded the fall of France. In July, 1941, he went to England and reported on the military stalemate which prevailed prior to America's entry into the war.

He was homeward bound on a Norwegian tanker at the time of Pearl Harbor, but returned to England again early in 1942 to find London in the atmosphere of a gold rush. "Psychologically we had already passed to the attack," and the correspondents were only "waiting to be let in on the time and the place." Most of them are still waiting, no doubt, but Mr. Liebling was fortunate enough to be assigned to North Africa at the time of the invasion in November.

The report from the political front in Oran and Algiers is not good reading for Americans. The author is rightly indignant over the treatment accorded to the very people who had aided Mr. Robert Murphy, of the State Department, in preparing the ground for the arrival of the Americans. The policy, which he suggests may have been a part of the bargain with Admiral Darlan, seems to have been to "keep the rascals in," the rascals being the Vichyites and the anti-Semites.

On the military front, however, the picture is better. Mr. Liebling gives an effective first-hand account of the fighting of an American air unit at an advanced base in Tunisia and of the taking of Gafsa by the First Division in the initial encounter of American troops with a German division.

The book is spotty and varied in pace, but seasoned with a lightness of touch and a sprinkling of wit that save it from the oracular tone of some of our war reports. Mr. Liebling is at his best in writing of the French, because he knows them best; but after he learned to know the English he admitted that they are not so stuffy as they think they are. Any Englishman, he discovered, will break down and talk after two to five drinks.

In the main the author stays clear of political opinion, although he does

A. J. Liebling

lay the plight of France at the feet of the "chiefs of heavy industry who since late in 1934 had been working for France's subordination to Germany." He avoids all pretense of giving the low-down on great men and of calling them by their first names. His forte is the little man, the small but significant detail, the unpretentious but effective portraiture of men at war and at work. This is not one of the *grands reportages* of the war, but it succeeds in getting close to the core of the people who fight it at home and at the front.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS WHO WERE SHIPWRECKED

The literary figures in this week's quiz have one thing in common: they have all been involved in shipwrecks. From the brief description of their experiences as given below can you identify them and name the authors who created them? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 33.

1. After 16 lonely years on the Island of Despair, this castaway was shocked to come upon the imprint of a naked foot in the middle of a sandy beach.
2. Returning home after 11 years as a castaway on a tropical isle, he discovered that his wife had married their childhood friend.
3. After swimming ashore following the wreck of the *Antelope,* this ship's surgeon collapsed and awoke to find himself a prisoner of tiny people.
4. Shipwrecked while on a trip from Cadiz to Leghorn, this exiled Spanish grandee finally swam to the shore of an Aegean island.
5. Set adrift by his brother in an open boat with an infant daughter and a set of books on magic, he landed on an island and in the ensuing years learned magic so well he was able to create a storm which wrecked his brother's ship.
6. When the yacht of an aristocratic family was wrecked near a desert island, this butler became master of the small community.
7. After falling overboard from a yacht, this big game hunter had the misfortune to land on an island occupied by another hunter who hunted even bigger game—human beings.
8. When their leaky lifeboat sank beneath them, these two middle-aged ladies and their young gentleman companion paddled in their life preservers to an island miraculously provided with a well-provisioned house.
9. Mutineers scuttled the ship off the coast of Florida and left to their fate this second officer and the beautiful young girl whom he had taken off a derelict, but they were eventually rescued from their lifeboat.
10. Bound for Bankok in the barque *Judea,* this youthful second mate survived a hurricane, a fire, and an explosion, and eventually arrived in command of a rowboat.

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Will the Senate Wreck the Peace?

THE AMERICAN SENATE AND WORLD PEACE. By Kenneth Colegrove. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1944. 209 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PHILLIPS BRADLEY

NO issue confronting the American people is today so urgent as the course of our postwar policy. What that course will be depends, more than on any other agency of the nation's government, on the action of the Senate. This book, a cogent and incisive analysis of the Senate's role in the making—and unmaking—of foreign policy, is addressed precisely and fearlessly to that point. What can the present Senate do to a peace treaty submitted to it for advice and consent upon ratification—and what will it do?

In answering the first question, the author reviews briefly but clearly the long history of Senatorial sabotage of the treaties which, for one reason or another, it has modified beyond recognition or rejected outright. The record is well known, but it is useful to have it recalled to our minds at the present juncture—when the most "solemn referendum" of our history confronts the people, and the Senate. It may well be that Secretary Hay's comment is overpessimistic that "a treaty entering the Senate is like a bull going into the arena: no one can say just how or where the final blow will fall, but one thing is certain—it will never leave the arena alive." We must not forget, however, that the words were spoken out of personal experience, nor that, in constitutional terms, the dictum is irrefutable. What then, can be done to insure the ratification of a peace treaty reflecting a majority of the people's will to peace, not a minority of the Senate's will to power?

On the latter point, Professor Colegrove offers some interesting figures on a possible division of the Senate along lines of state population. If all the negative votes on a treaty under the two-thirds rule came from the seventeen smaller states, he shows that Senators representing a population of 10,518,249 could defeat a treaty voted for by Senators representing 120,487,935; within the quorum (one-half plus one of the Senators being present), the ratio could be 3,584,511 to 88,046,234. The picture is a startling one but, as he points out, not a likely political pattern to emerge on any issue of foreign policy. The alignment of interests on any major question, domestic or international, is sectional rather than numerical. The stark fact remains, however, that constitutional arithmetic *can* be skewed into a strange configuration of minority rule.

Professor Colegrove proceeds to canvass the alternative of executive agreements as a basis for peace-making. Such agreements need not be submitted to the Senate prior to ratification; they may be put into effect by the President directly or submitted to both houses under the majority rule. He believes, and rightly, that peacemaking by subterfuge, by "avoidance of the Constitution . . . will not inspire the maximum of confidence from our allies." He argues persuasively that we must—for better or worse—proceed in accordance with the constitutional prescription of submission to the Senate, in order to insure a national pledge of "the most solemn nature."

What, then, will the Senate do? In answering his second question, Professor Colgrove presents an acute appraisal of the present Senate. He bases the appraisal on the probable vote of each member on a peace treaty seeming to implement the principles of the Atlantic Charter and the United Nations agreements. The voting records of twenty-six Senators on specific issues of foreign policy prior to our entry into the war are analyzed in detail, the records of others are summarized. Counting up all the potential opponents of such a peace treaty, Professor Colegrove reaches the unhappy total of forty-five—eighteen Democrats and twenty-six Republicans and one Progressive. He admits the total may be too high, but the possibility of Senatorial defeat is, he demonstrates, a clear and present peril.

What can the President—and the people—do to forestall the danger? The author suggests that closer collaboration between the White House and Capitol Hill be established in the early stages of treaty drafting. He argues for as much preliminary conference and discussion as possible, although he does not approve of attempts, such as the Wiley resolution, to formalize the process. He is hopeful, without being optimistic, that a partisan conference will avoid the danger of Senatorial defeat of a durable peace.

Beyond the present context of expedients, there lies the necessity of constitutional amendment—to abolish the two-thirds sale and exclusive senatorial control and to substitute bicameral sanction of treaties by majority vote. Professor Colegrove's argument for giving the House as well as the Senate a voice in treaty-making is one of the most cogent yet to appear. He deserves the thoughtful and earnest consideration of every American.

Here is a political tract for our time of the first order—and significance. Professor Colegrove has written in the great tradition of the 18th-century political pamphleteers. He lives up to the best qualities of their direct and forthright debates on the public issues which most concern the people.

Phillips Bradley is Chairman of the Department of Political Science at Queens College in New York City.

—*From a cartoon by Rollin Kirby in* The New York World, *March 22, 1920.*
The Accuser

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They Died for Antonio Maciel

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following "inner review" is the second of its kind to appear in these pages in recent months. The purpose is to attempt to go beyond the usual review to the story behind and about the book. The "inner review" is frankly an experimental device; readers' comments are earnestly invited.*

REBELLION IN THE BACKLANDS. Translated from "Os Sertões," by Euclides da Cunha, with Introduction and Notes by Samuel Putnam. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1944 xxxii + 526 pp. $5. 6 x 9, 6 line drawings, map end sheets. Set in 11 pt. Baskerville, 2 pt. leaded. Translator's Introduction (16 pages), Bibliography of the works of Euclides da Cunha (3 pages), Acknowledgements and Editorial Note (by the translator), Preface by Afrânio Peixoto, Preliminary Note (by Cunha) dated São Paulo, 1901. Following main text: Principal Events of the Canudos Campaign: Author's Notes to the Third Edition of "Os Sertões," 1905; Glossary of Botanical and Zoölogical Terms; Glossary of Terms in Regional Use; Index of Names; Index of Subjects. (February 1)

Reviewed by WILLIAM LYNCH

GENESIS: Unless they are specialists or have read R. B. Cunninghame Graham's "A Brazilian Mystic," it is a safe bet that few North Americans are familiar with the amazing career of Antonio Conselheiro. Yet one of the most astounding and fascinating incidents in the history of the Western Hemisphere centered around this man of the Brazilian backlands who began his public career with matricide and ended it when the head of his exhumed corpse was sent to the seaboard cities to allay the fears of a nation. For Antonio the Counselor, born Antonio Vicente Mendes Maciel, warped and twisted by personal tragedy and eerie environment, became to thousands of his fellow inhabitants of the *sertões* a messiah whom they followed blindly and for whom they died by the hundreds.

It has taken a second World War to make available to English-reading Americans Euclides da Cunha's epic treatise on Antonio Maciel. A casual discussion between Lewis Hanke, director of the Hispanic Foundation of the Library of Congress, and W. K. Jordan, general editor of the University of Chicago Press, led to the suggestion that a good translation would contribute mightily to making known Brazilian life and literature to North America. The Nelson Rockefeller office promptly endorsed the undertaking and offered assistance. Several false starts in translation were made because of the illness of Samuel Putnam in 1942 and the entrance into the Navy of Barrows Mussey, who was to succeed him. Putnam started again in January, 1943 and completed his translation in May. Plans were to publish for the Christmas season, but at the last minute the publishers decided that the importance of the

Euclides da Cunha

book was too great to warrant rushing it. It was agreed therefore to await February 1 publication.

THEME: Only a few years after the overthrow of the Empire the young republic of Brazil was shaken by the resistance of the hitherto forgotten people of that desolate and drought-inflicted part of the interior of the northeast through which flows the Sao Francisco. Unlike the United States which from the beginning had looked west, Brazil had clung in her political and social thinking to the seacoast. It came as a shock, then, to find the integrity of the nation threatened by the separateness of a cult which refused to accept the republic and which wanted to set up a theocratic state of its own. That a relatively small number of ignorant and uncultivated *sertanejos* led by a madman could resist a great modern power, armed with the Essen steel of Krupp, was incredible. But the incredible sometimes happens and it took at least six expeditions, involving at least some thousands of regular soldiers, to capture the village of Canudos where the followers of the fanatic "Counselor" defended their churches and ikons. And when Canudos was won October 5, 1897, there were only four of the villagers left to resist five thousand soldiers—an old man, two other full-grown men, and a child. They resisted until death, until they had dropped into the pit that had been dug to serve as trench and grave.

AUTHOR: Euclides da Cunha traveled with expeditions sent against the fractious backlanders and observed events both as military student and newspaper reporter. Then about thirty years of age, he had studied science and engineering at colleges in Rio, had published verse, served in the army of the republic, and had begun his career as journalist and writer. Vigorous and forthright, he was on occasion engaged in political squabbles and his life ended in 1909 by assassination. "Os Sertões" is his great book hailed by many critics as the epic of Brazil, "the Bible of Brazilian nationalists." Published first in 1902 it has had sixteen editions, been translated into Spanish and now is available to the rest of the Americas with this English version. It overshadows by far his other literary works and has given rise to a Cunha cult in Latin America. In many respects it is the fountainhead of Brazilian literary regionalism and "is commonly looked upon as marking, in the year 1902, Brazil's intellectual coming-of-age."

"Os Sertões," his treatise on the Canudos Expedition, has won for him comparison with major writers from the prophet Ezekiel to Carlyle. His scientific interest in geography and anthropology, his soldierly knowledge of strategy and tactics, his scholarly attitudes toward history and religion combine to form a powerful, though often undisciplined, account of turbulent events which at times hold the reader with the suspense of melodrama. One moment generalizing, the next specifying, he passes from the abstract to the particular easily and impressively. Beginning with a lengthy and scientific presentation of his setting, the backlands, he describes the fauna and the flora, the geologic structure and the climate as faithfully as Darwin did his in the "Voyage of the Beagle." The resulting mental picture suggests the Doré illustrations of the Inferno. Joaz trees, umbu trees, and other exotic varieties of animal and vegetable life extrude from a landscape, livid and inhospitable.

Against this background move the

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people of the *caatingas,* the *sertanejoes* or *jaguncoes,* whom the author next describes as the dramatis personae of his narrative. A fusion of three races, white, African, and Indian, the cowboy of the backlands is also a product of his environment. Out of his religion, traditions, and superstitions rose the cult of the Counselor and the fierce heroism that held at bay whole armies. Cunha traces the evolution of this sect and its leader, presents a detailed description of military events, ending abruptly and almost viciously with the fall of Canudos. He spares the reader no detail, however horrible.

This book will be read by its English-speaking readers, as it has been by its Portuguese and Spanish, on various levels. It possesses that multifaceted quality which marks a certain few great books of world literature. To many it will be simply an account of a Brazilian military campaign, a day-by-day record of armies in the field. Others will agree with Afrânio Peixoto, who points out in a preface to this edition that "those looking beyond appearances, will find in it a scientific document dealing with a prase of human civilization in which man was governed by the earth and his destiny was determined by it." Again there will be readers who see in it a study of the origins of religion. To them its central figure will be in the tradition of the great founders of world religions. In another time or another place Antonio Maciel might have been to millions of men what he was to a few thousands —a messiah and a saint. But to most readers it will stand as a monument to the unifying of modern Brazil.

APPEAL: "Rebellion in the Backlands" will probably not be a bestseller. It is a difficult book in some respects. It is not something to be dashed through while waiting for a train. Cunha was a man of erudition and philosophy. His style is discursive, at times even florid and rhetorical. His thoughts and ideas are not always under complete control and hence he often lacks clarity. But always what he says is worth saying, and worth the close reading necessary to detect the undertones and overtones of what he is thinking.

The job of translating the book from Portuguese to English must have been difficult. Cunha's style and flavor, his amazing command of scientific jargon and his graphic prose seem almost untranslatable. But Mr. Samuel Putnam has produced what appears to be a thoroughly admirable translation.

Pure Gold, That Dust

MONTANA: HIGH, WIDE, AND HANDSOME. By Joseph Kinsey Howard. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1943. 329 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

A PASSIONATE, straight-shooting, straight-visioned, informed book, this book of the news editor of *The Great Falls Leader,* and a beautifully written one, too: colorful, amusing, and quick moving. It is a history and a description of that great and beautiful and various state, Montana, but it is more than that, for its thesis is one of the two most important domestic questions confronting our future; the other is employment. Mr. Howard's underlying thesis is the land, and its proper use. I hope his book will be read immediately by a great number of Americans, especially by farmers, stockmen, county agents, chambers of commerce, and above all, by legislators, state and national.

But it should be read by all Americans interested in their country, for the sooner we get through our heads the fact that what happens to one state happens to all, the better off we'll be. The forty-eight states are one and indissoluble, and a famine in Montana sits down to supper with a stevedore in New York. Strange that anyone should have to be told that when not so long ago dust from the dust-bowl blew east as far as New York and turned the sunsets of Long Island ochre.

On the other hand, don't be misled—large parts of this book are more exciting than the most exciting "Western." Montana is one of the states where the "Western" first opened its eyes on a hard-riding world. Never have I read a more magnificently cold and blizzard-swept chapter than the one that describes the dreadful snows of '86 that wiped out the open-range, nor a more breath-taking one than the one that describes the rustlers and bad-men of the Missouri "breaks" and their elimination by Granville Stuart and his "Stranglers." "Nine Holes in Rattlesnake Jake," another chapter, will make even the most hardened movie-fan sit up, neck cold, and there are a great many others of equal calibre. Like a good newspaperman, Mr. Howard has a way of making even statistics passionate and moving, and his underlying thesis is as moving, and as old, and as classic as man's fight against the gods.

Several years ago I climbed a small mountain with a great geologist. We stood in the quiet September afternoon looking off to the east across the Laramie Plains, where the wagon-ruts of the Overland Trail are still visible. They lay, the plains, gray-blue and gold like the sea, cloud shadows drifting across them like dark and purple gulleys. The geologist laughed ruefully. "I always tell those fellows from Nebraska and Kansas, and so on," he said, "that they wouldn't have a state if it weren't for the dust of the Rockies."

Pure gold, that dust, but flour-gold, slipping easily through the fingers of the careless. What visionary and impractical people we Americans are, especially when we think we're practical and hard-boiled!

I have three amendments to suggest, two minor, one important, and I wouldn't make them at all if the book were not so important, and if I didn't agree with it so heartily.

First, I wish Mr. Howard had talked about the new idea of surface-ploughing in addition to explaining so adequately strip-ploughing. Second, although "High, Wide, and Handsome" certainly applies to Montana, it may lead some possible readers to pass the book by under the delusion that it is merely another cowboy history. I will not dwell on the fact that as a Wyoming man I think Wyoming's pretty darned high, wide, and handsome, too. Donald Culross Peattie made a rash statement, used as a basic quotation by Mr. Howard. Wyoming is not just merely "wide." Moreover, its great plains do not lie between the Big Horns and the Tetons.

Finally, and this is bitterly essential, I hope if this book goes into a second printing—and it should go into lots of printings—Mr. Howard will either delete the last three paragraphs of chapter twenty-four, or else look thoroughly into "the Jackson Hole controversy." If he does, I'm sure he'll change those paragraphs, for they contradict everything else he says, and he's arguing on the side of the despoilers, not those who wish to make intelligent use of the land.

But outside of that, what a fine, and necessary, and moving book this is!

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Broadside of a World Muckraker

THEY SHALL NOT SLEEP. By Leland Stowe. New York: Alfred Knopf. 1944 399 *pp., with Index.* $3.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

LELAND STOWE'S "They Shall Not Sleep" is more than a rich and passionate record of a world at war. It is the journal of a brilliant reporter, crusader, political analyst. It is a furious broadside by a liberal who sees hope for lasting peace and democracy strangled by scheming reaction in Britain and the United States.

Encompassed within the book are two bloody, exciting years (1941-43) and three great lands (China, India, Russia). Within it, too, are great battles, revolutions, victories, and defeats, good and evil men, compassion and indignation, hunger and gluttony, and a recipe for the world of tomorrow. All in all, it is an ever-boiling, thick brew to satisfy most tastes.

In Stowe's heart there is an inexhaustible fount of sympathy for the underdog, a craving for democracy, and a conviction that the light of day can heal most political and social sores. Thus he does not hesitate to belabor Chungking for maintaining a "police state," or Britain for the tragic and unproud muddle in India. An international muckraker, he often achieves his goals: his expose of the colossal corruption on the Burma Road helped to correct some of the worst abuses. And his articles on the Red Army, which I read in translation in Russian magazines, helped the Russians to keep their morale up at a moment when they felt let down and deceived by their allies.

To me, the two most impressive sections of the book were those dealing with China and Russia. Generally, Stowe has admiration for the valor, the moral stamina, and the capacity for sacrifice of both; but he also finds fault with their political systems.

"We shouldn't overlook the fact," he says, "that in present-day China not even the first of President Roosevelt's Four Freedoms—freedom of speech—exists in real measure." Thousands of men of "a sifted elite" are being indoctrinated in the Kuomintang's Central Training Corps school with the totalitarian idea: "One nation, one party, one leader." One of China's most powerful men today is the little-known Tai Li, chief of the secret police which is everywhere all the time. And to prove his point Stowe tells the story of Prof. Ma Ying-chu (Yale, '10), Dean of the Chungking University's School of Commerce. Tai's men put Professor Ma in jail for attacking war profiteers. After arrest he was brought before the students to make an announcement. He rose and said: "War profiteering must be stopped if we are to defeat Japan. . . ." Before he could finish, his guards hustled him out. No one has heard of him since.

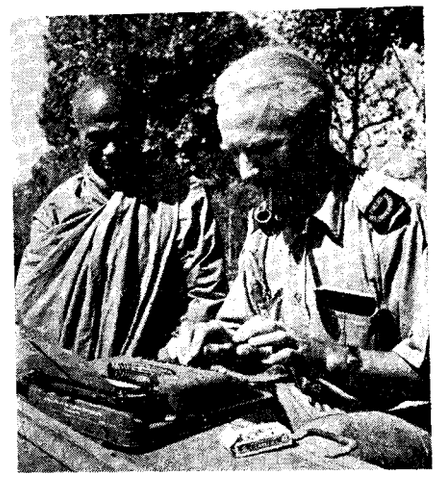
In Burma, where the British demonstrated an appalling incompetence and intolerance, Stowe found the Chinese almost as bad. When the Japanese were racing towards Rangoon, with its docks covered with Lease-Lend arms for China, Chungking refused to let the hard-pressed British take any ack-ack guns, trucks, jeeps, gasoline, Bren guns. Most of it had to be set afire when the Japanese came to Rangoon's gates.

In Russia, Stowe saw few men in high places. Perhaps deliberately, he set himself to meet and know the little man. The result is an unforgettable gallery of portraits: a Red officer, a woman commissar, an old peasant woman, a boy-guerrilla. Here is a typical example:

> "When we struck across the Volga our men had no cover whatever," (Lieut. Col.) Polevoi said. "There were only the German trenches and they faced the wrong way. We had to dig in as we fought, but we drove the fascists back until we held the whole elbow. Then the enemy poured shells and bombs on our troops day after day. But they can't blast us out. . . ."
>
> "But when you had more than 600 bombers on you in one day" (I asked) how could you possibly hold?"
>
> The lieutenant-colonel's eyes lighted. . . . Then his jaw snapped tight and he made a swift gesture with his right fist. "By moral force," he said in a sharp, tense voice. Then he swung his closed fist down a second time and again his jaw snapped.
>
> *"By moral force,"* repeated Polevoi.

From Russia Stowe returned convinced that she will rank next only to the United States as the world's greatest power, and that our prosperity and peaceful existence in the next fifty years "will be determined . . . perhaps overwhelmingly, by whether we can live on terms of decent friendship and reciprocity with this new Russian colossus." He also warns that if we return to pre-war isolationism, we shall surely weld Russia and Germany into a solid union. Americans, Stowe pleads, must understand that post-war Europe will be Leftist, if only because Hitler had destroyed the middle class which held to the center line. If we do not understand and do not fashion our foreign policy to meet this fact, he says, Europe will be thrown into Russia's arms. This argument may not be wholly sound; but sufficiently large chunks of it are sound enough not to be ignored.

Leland Stowe has written more than a war travelogue. He has written a thoughtful, provocative, often exciting account of war years; it should endure as a bit of history and a useful guide in the post-war years.



Leland Stowe's typewriter saw recent service in China, Russia, and India.

Holiday

By Nathaniel Burt

WITH April comes a change of heart
That takes the winter's life apart,
Breaks it, and leaves you altogether
Empty of everything but weather;
Empty of breathing, thought and soul
To take the change of year in whole;
Unsure and mystified as one
Raised, dead and innocent, by the sun,—
Half-blind, forgetful as the first
Cocooned thing from darkness burst,
That lost in winged and airy space
After a tomb's close-reasoned space
Trembles, a faint, free butterfly,
Dazed by the light and by the sky.

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BOOKS FOR THE LIBRARIAN

WHEN the Secondary Education Board holds its forthcoming Conference in New York next month, not the least important part of its agenda will be the Round Table discussion conducted by school librarians. For there has never been a time in the history of education when the power of the book was projected into a wider sphere of influence than in this day of turmoil and confusion and thronging problems whose aftermath will engage the thought of men for years to come. It is the young of today who will have to solve the problems of tomorrow and it is on them as much as on their elders who will make the immediate war settlement that the hope of a peaceful world in the future depends. Where are they to get the knowledge, the wisdom, the vision to tackle the burden which will be theirs? They are played upon today by emotion, by conjectures and rumors and necessarily incomplete information. The daily newspaper and radio feed out facts at too rapid a rate for digestion, as indeed it is inevitable that they must in a world where the march of events straddles the globe and the means of transmission brings everything into common knowledge at once. Inescapably in wartime the tempo of discussion, like the tempo of living and working, is speeded up, and even though intellectual heat may be generated in the process, consideration and reasonableness, which need leisure for exercise, suffer. The problems of the future are not going to be settled in excitement; they will demand knowledge and penetration and careful pondering for their solution.

The school librarians are well aware of the opportunities and the responsibilities which the war has dumped on their doorstep. They are profoundly concerned with working out a program which will realize on the awakened sensibilities of youth by turning their interest toward the shape of things to come, and which will supply them with a background of information to implement that interest. The draft has revealed horrifying illiteracy among the American public but the records of camps and public libraries at the same time reflect a greater desire to read, and a greater tendency to read solid and informative books, than has ever been noted before. So now is the time to strike, now while the iron is hot. But how? How is our youth in school, and out of it, to be made to turn to books? To turn to their garnered wisdom not only for entertainment and information and stimulus for today but for guidance and strength for tomorrow?

With books, as with love, propinquity is a powerful force. If books are near at hand they will be read, and if at first only in idle moments, gradually more and more. Reading is a habit as much to be acquired as cigarette smoking, and like smoking, it grows with the indulgence. With exceptions of course, it is the children who come from homes where a book is on every table and where the habit of reading is as much ingrained in their elders as that of eating three meals a day, who read, and not those who come from homes barren of books and delight in their use. It is often opportunity, and opportunity alone, which makes the reader—as our camps and foxholes are proving today.

There are a dozen phases of the problem of reading which the librarians propose to discuss at their Conference in February. Does the school library prepare for continuing self-education? Are young people reading war books and books on the world after the war? What progress are we making toward an informed public among our young people? How much do our young people know about the peoples of the countries to which they are being sent? How may books for these times be publicized? These are some of the questions which appear on their prospectus—all of them questions of profoundest importance. But they are all of them contingent on the primary problem of making young people want to read at all. That is the very nub of the problem. That is where the educators and the librarians must begin their attack, and where school boards and trustees can help the good work. More liberal appropriations for school libraries where libraries already exist, funds to found them where there are none, realization that "books are bullets" in peace as well as in war and that their selection demands as much knowledge, as great an enthusiasm, and as liberal an outlook as any course in the curriculum, closer linking on the one hand of reading with prescribed studies and encouragement on the other of reading as fun and entertainment—these will all help the librarian in his good work. Propinquity, propinquity, we go back to the word. So, first of all, more power to the librarian through more books for his shelves.

A. L.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD: 1852-1944

ON January 22 at his mountain home above Los Gatos, California, died one of the last of the Old Guard of American letters; a man of the highest idealism; of a lifetime devoted to courageous battling for the rights of the underprivileged. He said that in the course of an exceptionally long life he had seen, in the vast domain of America, "water, timber, minerals, and arable land, taken by the few, with the aid of Congress, and secured to their heirs and assigns forever by that relic of the Middle Ages—the fee simple deed. . . . I am therefore convinced that the politics this country needs is an economic program to return to the people the planetary treasures and monopolies intended for all." More and more it will be borne in upon the American people that in Colonel Charles Erskine Scott Wood they possessed a poet certainly superior in keenness of intellect to Walt Whitman, if not by any means so voluminous in rhetorical output; and a social satirist (as shown in his "Heavenly Discourse" and "Earthly Discourse") of the first order. His great poem was "The Poet in the Desert." Less well-known are his "Poems from the Ranges."

Colonel Wood's father was the first Surgeon General of the United States Navy, and he himself was probably, at his death, the oldest living graduate of the West Point Military Academy. He served on General Howard's staff against the Nez Perce Indians under Chief Joseph, until the latter's surrender. He was later Adjutant of the Military Academy, and then studied law and political economy at Columbia where he received his degree *cum laude*. He resigned from the Army in '84, with the rank of Colonel, because he was unalterably opposed to the corruption of the Indian Ring in Washington. He began to practise law in Portland, Oregon, and became one of the best-known attorneys upon the Coast, before he removed to California to concentrate upon his writing.

A grand old man, looking veritably like Jove himself, with his beautiful and gracious wife! His is a grievous loss indeed to the ranks of all progressives and liberals in this land.

W. R. B.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Colum on Mr. Cerf

SIR: Some time ago in "Trade Winds" Bennett Cerf inveighed against another columnist because of her "tirades" on subjects that were none of her business. And lo and behold! the same Bennett Cerf comes out with a tirade against Ireland and the Irish people and Irish policy as regards the war. "The whole country was a happy hunting ground for Nazis spies," he says with an assurance that comes from his knowledge that countries cannot take action for slander as individuals can. And then he goes on to say something which is either idiotic or plainly rancorous. "Night bombing squadrons of the Luftwaffe guided themselves by the fully lighted cities on the Irish coast." I challenge Bennett Cerf to substantiate that slander. British ministers (and Bennett Cerf must know this) have stated that Eire's neutrality has been correct and satisfactory to them. Out of the war Eire has been able to give refuge to British women and children, has been able to supply food to her neighbor, and, as her Prime Minister said recently, out of the money she has not spent on gunpowder has given great aid to starving people. The American newspapers did not record, let alone feature, a happening that shows that some Christianity is still left in Europe: Dail Eireann, last month voted a million dollars out of its own small revenue for relief of the famine in India and relief and in such parts of Europe as can be reached. Put this in your column, Mr. Cerf! You may be sure it would be a relief to your readers. But perhaps your grievance against Eire is on the ground that she has remained neutral. In that case, why not pillory Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey? They have given materials (forced, it is true) to Germany and her allies, while Eire has given none. And the number of volunteers from Eire—I mean Ireland exclusive of the partitioned counties—that have gone to fight on the side of the United Nations—is very high in proportion to her population.

PADRAIC COLUM.

New York City

The First Novelist

SIR: A short while ago you published some answers by new novelists to a question concerning the value to them of book reviewers' comments. It's not likely that you'll ever ask me that question, but I should like to answer it anyway, for I didn't read anything in the replies at that time which would even suggest what was going to happen to my book "Hotel on the Lake." Perhaps my comments will offer a sample, if anyone is interested, of what a new, non-book-club writer can expect at the hands of the critics.

One of the first comments I received was offered by a critic who had so obviously not read through the book that people wrote me about it. He listed as characters only those who appeared in the first chapter.

A Chicago critic (in a reasonably favorable review) apparently did not even read the *title,* for he described the hotel as "on the seashore" and drew a picture of its "towers" and so on which had never existed in my mind or the pages of the book. About a third of this review was devoted to an inside view of the kitchen of a large hotel, which was as much like mine as Saks Fifth Avenue is like the corner grocery.

One critic, who certainly must have read on the jacket that one of the characters despised the President of the United States, listed a "Roosevelt-hater" among the characters. He perhaps was too young to remember when Roosevelt was not President. If he had read the book, he'd have found that the character hated Hoover.

Another critic used over half his review to discuss the food, service, and rates of the hotel—none of which satisfied him—and none of which had been dwelt upon in the pages of my novel. Social anti-Semitism, which had been dwelt upon at length, utterly escaped his notice.

His rating of my hotel was counterbalanced by another New York critic who managed to dig out of the book the fact that the particular resort section under discussion must have been a great place to stay (of course he meant to say "except for Jews"), inasmuch as some of the guests had returned to the same place several times. Perhaps, because of the manpower shortage, he was pinch-hitting as resort advertising manager.

As for help in writing further books, or in appraising my success with this one:

All the favorable reviews (including the SRL's) and several of the lukewarm ones mentioned the "excellence," "deftness," "beauty," or "precision" of the character work.

An anonymous review in *The New Yorker* spoke of the "total lack of characterization."

Out of all this, I suppose I might cook up some plea for the development of a sense of responsibility among book reviewers—or, if I were younger and harder to get along with, speak of frauds upon the reading public and urge high school educations for all book critics. But I'm afraid that really all I derive from the experience is confirmation of a growing suspicion that there are as many utter phonies in the book world as there are in numerous other walks of life.

Sincerely,
ROBERT SMITH.

New York, N. Y.

"I want something on the future of the pre-war woman in the post-war world."

The Byron Discovery

SIR: I should like to register a faint squeak of protest regarding the positiveness of Mr. George S. Hellman's assertion (*SRL,* January 1) that, "beyond the shadow of a doubt," the new

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poem he presents is from the "vitriolic pen" of Lord Byron.

I have tried reading the new poem through aloud several times, but found that after each reading my certainty of Byron's authorship was more shaken. Then I tried reading in a similar manner "Fare thee well, and if forever," but with no better results, for to my limited comprehension the latter seemed too far superior for comparison, in impressiveness of imagery and sound, in effectiveness of diction and rhythm, and in emotional intensity. By contrast, the new poem's monotonous regularity of meter, line for line, foot by foot, syllable by syllable —resembling Longfellow at his third-best; an occasional cacophony beyond even Byron's not too accurate ear— "Why heap man's worst curse on me?"—; and a feeble and far-fetched quality in much of the imagery, such as "clankless chains," I must confess, tend to undermine my assurance. Then there is a troublesome little detail of the second person singular, past, of "be," which appears twice in the poem as "wert" and a third time as "wast." There is, of course, no law against anyone's using the inferior-sounding "wast" in a poem—even in the same poem with "wert." Not having, as I have remarked, too much familiarity with Byron's poetry, I started reading a number of his passages in which the second person singular is used. So far, I have read through only twenty-one and have found only "wert." I shall persevere, however, and have no doubt that I shall eventually uncover a "wast."

I hope so, for now I am in a parlous state of suspecting—not beyond the shadow of a doubt, but just suspecting —that "To Her Who Can Best Understand Them" *might* be by someone else, at a time when everyone was trying his hand at Byronic imitations. It might even be about what Irving himself, seldom a versifier but no mean parodist of other men's styles, could have turned out and then disguised as stanzas supposed, or "said," to be by Lord Byron.

MILTON ELLIS.

Orono, Maine.

SIR: Mr. George S. Hellman is far from convincing in his argument that the stanzas entitled "To Her Who Best Can Understand Them," which he found in Washington Irving's handwriting, were written by Lord Byron. "Beyond the shadow of a doubt," he declares, "these stanzas are from the fluent and often vitriolic pen of the great poet." One is tempted to reply: "In all human probability the stanzas are *not* from the pen of Byron or any 'great poet,' but are the work of a feeble imitator of Byron."

Byron wrote a good deal of bad poetry, but I believe he was incapable of such a flat line as

Such the cold and sickening feeling,

or of making either a lip or a smile "soften sorrow's gush," or of the cacophony of

With pure friendship's well feigned
blush.

The fact that he sired a number of poetical bastards is no justification for laying this miserable foundling at his door.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Middletown, Connecticut.

SIR: The January 1 issue of the *SRL* features a review or comments by George S. Hellman of a new Byron discovery, *i.e.*, the stanzas, "To Her Who Best Can Understand Them."

I checked this poem in an old copy of Byron's complete works, including the "Suppressed Poems," and find the poem there. However, the third verse in my copy reads as follows:

Pride may cool what passions heated,
Time will tame the wayward will;
But the heart in friendship cheated
Throbs with woe's most maddening
thrill.

The 3rd. verse quoted by Mr. Hellman appeared as the 4th. verse; the 10th. verse quoted by him does not appear in my copy. All other verses are identical.

My copy, including a life of Byron by J. W. Lake, gives much data relative to his relationship with his wife, and does set out why he could not live with her. My volume was printed in 1934.

JOHN H. WHITE.

Borger, Texas

SIR: "A New Byron Discovery," by George S. Hellman, in the January 1, 1944 *SRL*, interested me not a little, as in an old scrap-book, compiled by one of my sentimental ancestors, there is a published copy of this Byron poem Mr. Hellman quotes. The clipping in my scrap-book is entitled:

STANZAS

TO HER WHO CAN BEST UNDERSTAND THEM
BY THE LATE RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON

The stanzas are the same in number, but have slight variations in some lines, as in the first stanza, the last two lines read as follows:

Had I lightly loved thee, never,
Hadst thou been thus dear to me.

And the last line of the second stanza reads:

By the rising pulse of scorn.

Then comes a 3rd stanza which is not in Mr. Hellman's copy: *i.e.*

Pride may cool what passion heated,
Time will tame the wayward will;
But the heart in friendship cheated
Throbs with woe's most maddening
thrill.

The 10th stanza of Mr. Hellman's version is omitted from my copy. These are numerous variations in punctuation.

The old scrap-book was compiled by a New Jersey ancestress living near Mullica Hill, in the years of 1820-1833. The poems are from many an ancient local paper in New Jersey such as *The Trenton Emporium*, the *New Jersey Mirror*, and *The Casket*—but most of both prose and verse is from *The Saturday Evening Post!* But there is no paper's name on the Byron poem, though the type is similar to the fonts of *The Sat. Eve. Post* of that date—1820-1933—which, of course, was a newspaper and very unlike its modern namesake.

By the way, why does Mr. Hellman call Mrs. Leigh the "*step*-sister" of Byron? Augusta was Byron's *half*-sister—hence the scandal of incest. I was brought up on the Shelley-Byron-Trelawny and Keats-Fanny Brawne poetry and biographies, for my parents were poetry lovers. (What they would think of some of the stuff published now is a foregone conclusion.)

MAY FOLWELL HOISINGTON.

Rye, New York.

SIR: The other night I casually commented on George Hellman's discovery of a new Byron poem, expressing my pleasure in it.

My eighty-four year old mother immediately leaped to the defense of Byron, when I commented on his treatment of his wife. "She was a terrible woman," she said. "She knew what she was getting, and she should have made the best of it." She proceeded to recite some lines of verse about her:

More than woman thou was't to me,
Not as man I looked on thee;
Why like woman then undo me!
Why heap man's worst curse on me?

I gasped, "Hey, that's from the 'unknown poem.'" "Unknown, nothing," said my mother, "I've known that for sixty-five years." And she proceeded to recite almost in its entirety the poem about which you wrote. I went and found the magazine and where her memory was faulty, just starting the verse helped her finish.

She spouted that and many other Byronic gems freely and further explained that she had memorized them all from a pocket-sized edition of Byron's works that my father owned when she married him in Rose Creek —some sixty-five years ago when he was then a teacher in that town.

Our impression from the article is that "To Her Who Best Can Understand Them" was not ascribed to Byron. There seems to have been no doubt about it all these years on the part of my mother.

ALICE I. MCLAUGHLIN.

Minneapolis, Minn.

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Some Observations on the Incurable Controversy

RICHARD M. BRICKNER, M.D.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the seven months since "Is Germany Incurable?," by Richard M. Bricker, was first discussed by a panel of six reviewers in these pages,* The Saturday Review *has received more sustained correspondence pertaining to that controversy than on any other subject in the recent history of the magazine. In all this discussion, however, the author himself has not taken part, despite the many interpretations and counter-interpretations given to his book. Accordingly, the editors have asked Dr. Brickner for his own view of the controversy as it has developed thus far. The following article appears herewith in response to that invitation.*

A CONSPICUOUS but not necessarily surprising feature of the controversy over "Is Germany Incurable?" from the author's point of view has been the violence and inaccuracy of some of its participants. The publication of this book lifted the curtain on a topsy-turvy world of misconception, misquotation, over-enthusiasm, understatement, side-issues, intellectual mayhem, and special pleading. Careless or spotty reading is prominent as either cause or effect. Naturally as close a reading of a book written for the general public as that received by papers for scientific publications is hardly to be expected. But greater care could well have been taken. Perhaps members of my profession are too likely to assume that, when qualifications and advance rebuttals of anticipated objections are duly stated, the critical reader will note and use them as tools in assessing the whole.

"Is Germany Incurable?" was met, for instance, with a deluge of such objections as "How can a whole nation go crazy at once?" and "Is a mass psychosis a scientific conception?" Such questions are objections to positions that the book never maintained. The German trend toward cultural paranoid values was never referred to as a "mass psychosis," which would have been almost as unscientific a phrase as "crazy" is a term. Again and again the book pointed out that there was no question of a whole nation being similarly and simultaneously affected, that the existence of great numbers of deviants from the prevailing paranoid cultural trend in Germany was crucially important, that neither Germans in the mass nor individual Germans were being diagnosed as psychotic. And two complete chapters in the middle of the book were expressly devoted to clarifying the cultural nature of the phenomena involved, showing how groups of people come to share common patterns of feeling and thinking, all backed by ample anthropological evidence.

The unavoidable impression was that not one in ten people treating the book had read those chapters well or had read the others attentively enough to grasp the true meaning of the theme advanced. This was sometimes true of the book's protagonists as well as of the other camp. It seemed, in fact, as if many of those discussing the book could hardly have opened it, but were instead speaking from a summary in a review. True, several reviews, including Dr. Horace Kallen's in the *SRL,* whether predominantly favorable or not, were able summaries. But no summary can reproduce the fabric of background and evidence necessary in handling so complex a subject nor can it serve as substitute for the text.

Several months after publication, for example, statements appeared in two eminent Midwestern newspapers —one, highly hostile, calling the book's thesis "a theory that makes every last German man, woman and child a wellnigh incurable maniac"; the other a highly favorable by-line column saying, in the teeth of accuracy, that "Dr. Brickner's thesis is that a majority of Germans are suffering from paranoia." Even a hurried reading should have made it clear that any nation, the majority of the citizens of which individually had paranoia—the extreme form of a psychosis highly difficult to treat—would be hopeless by definition. Another columnist recommended it as an "indictment by a doctor who proves that 85 per cent of all Germans are paranoids." Most important, and this is a point many readers seem to have missed, no diagnosis is ever an indictment. The book contains no such figure as 85 per cent of anything and makes no statistical estimate as to the number of Germans sharing the paranoid cultural trend; the statement that the book is "by a doctor" is alone accurate.

Much of the heat in the *SRL* discussion may have been unfortunate. The validity of the idea that psychiatric approaches can apply to cultures and that Germany's behavior as a cultural group has long justified concluding that a paranoid-tending element is present, cannot be affected by impassioned shouts of either Yes or No. Careful analysis is the only sound way to check a diagnosis. Some radio forums try to make sure of a good show by seeing how much disagreement can be provoked among debaters—a dangerous public habit when applied to super-important subjects such as war and peace. These days we need, not exacerbated differences, but focal points round which people of good will can agree.

IT was gratifying to see at least that no matter how ill the diagnosis sat, the book's sketch of post-war approaches to a conquered Germany in the light of the diagnosis provoked only a few attacks, and those on grounds of impracticability. Enlightened public opinion now seems well agreed in principle that radical reorientation of prevalent German emotional habits must be managed after Germany is defeated. The Junker, the Storm-trooper, the folkways of military might, omnipresent uniforms and titles, the excess rigidity of German education in both school and family, seem to strike many who aren't even sure what "paranoid" means as things that must be eradicated to help prevent future German aggression. If a paranoid cultural trend were not involved, this symptomatic evidence might not be so critically important. If the world can divert German emotions into non-paranoid channels without a guiding diagnosis, no physician need object on purely verbal grounds.

The hitch is, however, that handling a paranoid condition unaware of

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what is on your hands is dangerous for doctor, patient, and society. Without knowledge of paranoid values as the crux of German aggressiveness neither outsiders nor "clear" Germans —meaning those not participating in the cultural paranoid trend—can effectively eject the other kind of Germans from responsible and influential positions so as to reduce the risk of aggressiveness among coming generations. "Is Germany Incurable?" was written not as an exercise in scientific ingenuity but because its thesis needed badly to be known and acted on in advance of German defeat. So it was specially unfortunate to find many laymen saying with bright offhandedness: "Yes, lots of people have been saying the Germans must be crazy. I've often thought there may be something in it."

The book has also been reproached for omitting the details of necessary long-term curative measures for Germany. These were omitted because its writer felt a psychiatrist's desk was not the place for the construction of a blueprint requiring the coördinated effort of educators, social workers, psychologists, anthropologists, administrators, economists, and many others —as well as psychiatrists. Yet with intelligent laymen constantly offering suggestions as to the scrapping of Junkerdom, for example, a diagnostician of the psychiatric significance of Junkerdom may hazard some tentative suggestions of his own.

The first need obviously is to revise one's thinking about Germany in the light of diagnosis. The next is to take practical measures to break the upward spiral of paranoid emotional habits and be sure Germany acquires another and less dangerous core to form a different culture ground. In effect, that means to get the dominant paranoid-tenders, big and little, out of the saddle, keep them out—and then arrange for non-paranoid-tending Germans to take over and work out a great nation's future their own way.

Picking paranoid-tenders would not necessarily be too hard. You could not go far wrong in taking pre-1933 membership in the Nazi Party and pre-1939 status as commissioned officer in the German armed forces as presumptive proof of dangerous disposition. Such men would be disbarred from any position of power, influence, or responsibility, and perhaps set to some such work as rebuilding the destruction wrought within Germany and elsewhere by explosives. Internment would be used to handle those who rebelled—not punitively, but for purposes of insulation.

Throughout Germany, uniforms, titles, and all other insignia of rank, with which Germans have been accustomed to express their aggressive emotions, would be prohibited, except where, as among nurses and policemen, they are needed for the job. The German civil service and police forces, traditional hotbeds of paranoid habits, should be thoroughly housecleaned, weeding out paranoid-tenders by the "screening" techniques similar to those used by modern armies in weeding out mentally unstable recruits. Books, libraries, movies, radio, press would come under control, not to exercise drastic censorship, but to insure that in each case where poison is administered, an antidote accompanies it—in perfect parallel to the annotated American edition of "Mein Kampf." Trained teachers, competent writers, and speakers could make nineteenth and twentieth century racial and ultra-nationalistic doctrines look medieval and ridiculous even to Germans themselves.

Education would be the crucial spot because making it supply something new and positive and rewarding for the cultural emotions of non-paranoid-tending Germans to rally round, is the positive and constructive end of the job. The generation to be born as the war ends, is as yet unspoiled. For the sake of the entire world, this generation must be brought up by carefully picked, non-paranoid-tending teachers retrained in modern methods which put the emphasis on cooperation and away from competition in marks, sports, and school work, on spontaneous needs instead of arbitrary disciplines—in short, away from Germans' paranoid status-anxiety.

Family backgrounds would mean knotty trouble. To let children be reared by the old-fashioned, stern, adulation-demanding type of German father, would go far to nullify any educational plan. A sweeping nursery-school program would have to be instituted and, harsh as it sounds, it would probably be necessary to screen out paranoid-tending married couples and board their children with selected non-paranoid-tending families.

Fortunately, the world has more of the assorted experts in the various fields necessary to tackle such a job than ever before. To whatever extent possible, those chosen should be non-paranoid-tending Germans aware of the need for helping their country make herself a nation worthy of Goethe and Beethoven. Gradually, non-paranoid behavior might come to be associated with better living privileges

and more interesting work, while its opposite meant social disfavor, duller jobs, and fewer privileges. The idea would be a milder version of the medieval world's attack on leprosy. The situation of lepers forced to wear special hideous uniforms, carry bells and ring them constantly when outside their homes, to help healthy people avoid them out of fear and loathing, did not make a pretty picture, but it went a long way to stamp out leprosy. A cultural paranoid trend is probably both infectious and quarantinable in parallel and, from the doctor's point of view, we have just as little choice concerning whether or not to tackle it.

Because the book dealt extensively with the psychiatric and anthropological aspects of the German case, many critics assumed that it over-discounted or ignored such factors in the German situation as the economic and historical background in which the German cultural paranoid trend apeared. Yet early in the proceedings, "Is Germany Incurable?" paid its thorough respects to the obvious importance and significance of such factors and went on, assuming that the particular function of a neuro-psychiatrist is to contribute whatever in his special field looks as if it might be helpful in a general situation. It can only be repeated that a healthy environment, based on economic opportunity and social flexibility, is one necessary condition of rehabilitation. That should go without saying. The book has already said it.

THE book was attacked, also, because the causes of the trend were hardly discussed. Exploration of causes—like everything else a cultural paranoid trend must have causes—was omitted for good reason. We have no dependable knowledge of the causes and it will require prolonged research to adduce them. The tragedy of the Thirty Years' War, the peculiar impact of the Industrial Revolution on a disunited Germany, the intrusion of a chauvinistic nationalism consequent on the French Revolution and Napoleon, may or may not have been causal. But at this time we can do no more than guess, and that would be dangerous and misleading. For that matter, psychiatry is not yet assured of identifying the causes of paranoid states even in individuals. Secondly and emphatically, the cultural paranoid phenom-

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enon, whatever its causes, exists. And it must be controlled in time to forestall another world war. This is an especially important point since it will probably take Germany much less time to prepare for another war than for experts to unearth the reasons why different cultures emphasize different human values.

Colleagues have suggested that it might have been well to develop an altogether new terminology to describe the cultural-emotional phenomena dealt with in "Is Germany Incurable?" since the word "paranoid" and other derivatives of "paranoia" are classically attached to individual cases and since there may be generic differences between individual and group phenomena in this field. The point is tenable, but it seems wiser not to do it at this time. The constellation of cultural paranoid values bears a very striking phenomenonalogical resemblance to that seen in individuals, and the outcome is the same. There is, indeed, one difference, felicitously expressed by Dr. Lawrence Kubie—in individuals, the trend is probably the result of internal neurotic pressures, while in a culture it is "a learned paranoid trend," applied from the outside by social pressures and adopted and spread by the human imitative faculty.

Germany is not the only such case in history. Her distinction lies in being the toughest problem of this kind that the world has been faced with for a number of generations. The seeds of paranoid cultural trends lie everywhere and every nation contains paranoid "islands." But islands they are, distinct from the values of the surrounding culture in general. In no Western culture but the German, has the paranoid trend so generalized, so hypertrophied, and become so aggressively activated. Perhaps the past showed cases of parallel acuteness, but it is hardly worthwhile to draw up therapeutic concepts for Genghis Khan's Tartars. History might have been happier had science been able long ago to consider the human behavior of groups and to identify paranoid and other trends. The exploration of cultural emotional patterns is a new field developed by anthropology, with high importance to science and civilization in general. To have before us so clear an example as Germany early in such an exploration, could be a great advantage to all, not excluding Germany herself.

The Attitudes of Freedom

THE LEGACY OF THE LIBERAL SPIRIT. By Fred Gladstone Bratton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 320 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HAL BORLAND

IN the preface to this study of ideas, Dr. Bratton defines liberalism as "a way of life which emphasizes the primary importance of the person, the freedom of the individual, free press, free speech, constitutional government, tolerance, the scientific spirit of inquiry, the rational outlook, social reform, popular education, a relativist philosophy, and an ethico-social religion." Then he points out that "as an attitude towards life it has a history of 2,500 years." And he undertakes to survey that history, appraise it, and look ahead. He concludes the book with the statement that "it (liberalism) is the sole means of transition to the only wave of the future that has meaning for America."

As a survey and appraisal of liberal thought and aspiration, Dr. Bratton's study is admirably compact, thoroughly readable, and, within the limits imposed by three hundred pages, complete. Those who have arrived at liberalism through their emotions will find in it a better understanding of themselves. Intellectual liberals may find there a better understanding of humanity. And extremists, right or left, may find in its pages a more clear picture of what is happening right now, and why.

Dr. Bratton bases his study on seven ages of liberal thought, each exemplified by one outstanding man. He appraises these men and their work, then projects them into the age which they dominated or largely influenced. The result is a broad picture of human aspiration toward the better life, both for the individual and for society, seen as a continuous stream of ideas—a mountain stream, however, which batters its way against and around many boulders and whose quiet pools of clear, deep water are separated by long stretches of boiling rapids. But the ideas, the stream, flow on and on.

Dr. Bratton's seven men and their ages are: Origen and Early Christian Radicalism; Erasmus and Renaissance Humanism; Voltaire and French Rationalism; Tom Paine and American Deism; Theodore Parker and New England Unitarianism; Darwin and the Nineteenth Century Age of Criticism; John Dewey and Twentieth Century Naturalism.

On the whole, his chapters on these seven men are excellent examples of condensed biography with the emphasis on ideas. If the last, dealing with John Dewey, is the least effective of the group it may be because the perspective here is so short. Against this may be weighed the fact that, for this reader at least, Dr. Bratton has clarified Mr. Dewey's philosophy as Mr. Dewey's own writings never did. Throughout the book, for that matter, Dr. Bratton has cut an admirably clear path through the jargon in which so many explorers have been lost in pursuit of the philosophers.

The chapters on Origen, Erasmus, Paine, and Darwin are particularly effective. To this list should also be added the chapters on American Deism, which deals with the beginnings of this republic, on New England Unitarianism, and on the Nineteenth Century Age of Criticism. Dr. Bratton is vigorous and forthright in discussing Origen's fight for truth and against formalism and in his study of Erasmus and Luther and their battles with the ritualists. He has pungent words and clear-cut judgments in his examination of the ideas which went into the founding of the United States. His study of Darwin and the manner in which Darwin changed the whole course of man's thinking, is admirable. And his appraisal of Karl Marx is well above the wordy argument and dialectical maze in which so many others have bogged down.

When he comes to the immediate present he is less clear-cut in his judgments. This, too, undoubtedly is a result of short perspective; but one wishes for more than a restatement of the rather obvious liberal goals. The last few pages, however, cannot spoil what is otherwise the best summary and appraisal of the course of liberal thought that we have seen in a long, long time.

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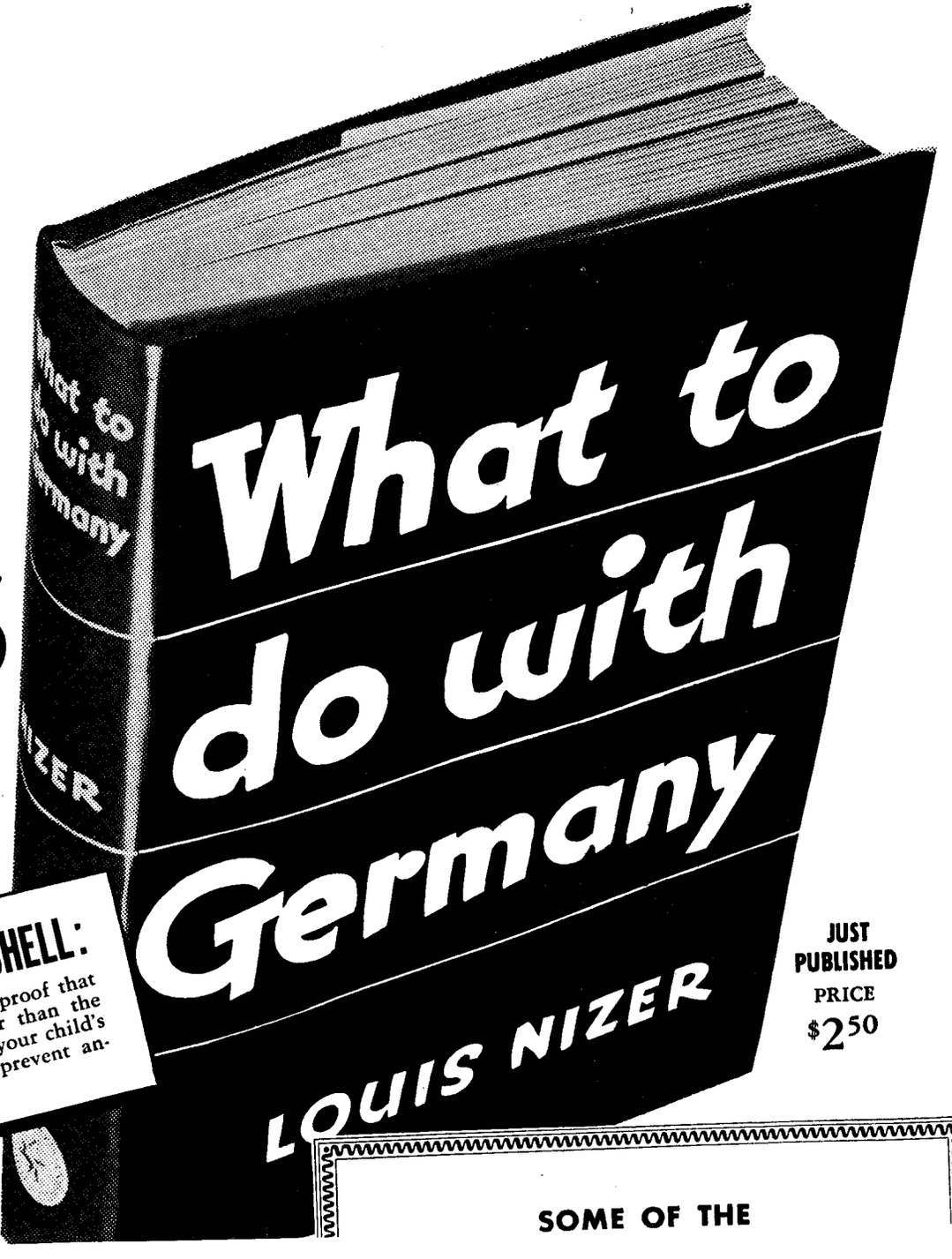

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

LOUIS NIZER is a distinguished attorney who has written many books and articles, particularly on legal subjects. As counsel to important business institutions, and as an active participant in national and international causes, he has had practical as well as idealistic training. He has drawn on this background and upon profound research for this brilliant contribution to the solution of the most troublesome question of our times.

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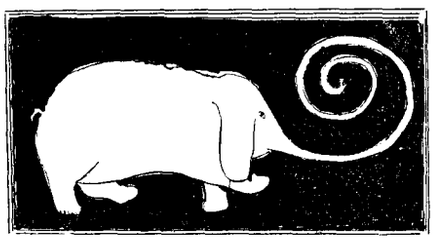
TRADE Winds

JUDGE JOHN MUNRO WOOLSEY will be remembered for his brilliant and illuminating decision on James Joyce's "Ulysses," which defined the legal meaning of the word "obscenity" once and for all, and which Postmaster General Walker might have a look at some rainy evening. Judge Woolsey has just announced his retirement, and as he stepped down from the bench for the last time, he made a couple of public admissions of things that had been bothering him for a long time. One, the two months he spent studying and analyzing "Ulysses" were about the toughest and dullest he can remember, and two, his favorite author is Anthony Trollope. These Trollope fans! First it was A. Edward Newton who always was trying to goad Donald Klopfer and myself into publishing a complete set of Trollope's novels (a modest project involving fifty-six volumes or so). Then Henry Canby took up the cudgels. Now I suppose we'll be hearing from Judge Woolsey, who will find time hanging heavily on his hands. The Judge was so meticulous about his professional conduct that he refused to accept as a gift a copy of the first legal edition of "Ulysses" in America, containing his own decision and an ecstatic inscription by James Joyce. He handed it back without a visible tremor beneath his characteristically resplendent waistcoat. Now that he has retired from the bench, I wonder if he will accept the autographed book. I wonder also if I'll be able to find it. . . .

THREE DOUBLEDAY book clubs now boast a million members among them: The Literary Guild and the Dollar Book Club each have 400,000; the Book League 200,000. Milo Sutliff is their guardian angel. . . . Opinion delivered at a luncheon table: "An executive committee is a body that keeps minutes and wastes hours." . . . Have you heard about the Boston author who was scheduled to lecture in Louisville, but was bounced off his plane in Washington to make room for a colonel with a priority? The author couldn't make Louisville in time by train so he returned to Boston. The colonel, it developed, had flown to Louisville for the sole purpose of hearing his lecture. . . . Hollywood-is-like-that department: The Reporter's Edith Gwynn discovered in the Los Angeles telephone directory a lady listed as Gisela Werberzirk-Piffl. The next day she had a part in the film version of "The Seventh Cross!" . . . Miss Gwynn's new definition of an optimist: the husband who comes home, finds the place littered with tired cigar butts, and exclaims, "Thank heavens, my wife has given up cigarettes at last!" . . . Insiders who have seen the new March 15 income tax blanks can understand where all that paper has gone to. Hi Phillips thinks they should be distributed with can openers attached. Lawyers will be trying to translate some of the provisions into understandable English for the next ten years. . . . Niven Busch, whose new novel, "Duel in the Sun," has just been published by Morrow, is an alumnus of *Time* and *Life* and the husband of Teresa Wright, one of the loveliest girls in Hollywood. She'd be mighty good as the heroine of Niven's book, which is a Triple A "Western." . . . C. E. M. Joad, author of "A Guide to Philosophy" and leading English exponent of the theory that every full-bodied male rates at least four good-looking wives, told an American reporter recently that the world needs three additional post-war freedoms: free gambling, free drinking, and freedom from obsolete and infuriating Sunday "blue laws." He added, "The main trouble with the English—including myself—is that we don't know how to cook." Dr. Joad has fierce whiskers but a twinkle in his eye. He is by way of becoming the Oscar Levant of the BBC equivalent of "Information Please." . . .

VOLUME ONE of George Santayana's Autobiography, "Persons and Places" (Scribner), is devoted to his childhood in Spain and Boston, and ends with his student days in Harvard. Later, of course, he became a distinguished professor at that institution, but while he was an undergraduate it appears that he cavorted in the ballet of a Hasty Pudding show, and drew cartoons for the *Lampoon*. The magazine's business manager at the time was a brash young man who smoked black, offensive cigars but brought in lots of advertising. His name was William Randolph Hearst. Santayana and Hearst! There's a combination for you! . . . Richard Aldington announces that his next book will be a biography of James McNeill Whistler, although one would think that the Pennells had polished off that chore once and for all a good many years ago. Harry Hansen is authority for the information that Fort Dearborn, renamed Chicago in 1837, was laid out originally by Whistler's grandfather. . . . Pun-of-the-month: a dinner party guest remarked that the sinking of the *Scharnhorst* was a mighty fine Christmas gift to the United Nations. "Yes," agreed Alan Green, "it will make the new year Gneisenau!" . . . *The New York Times* editorial writer, unexpectedly getting into the spirit of the thing, finished second with: "Can you tell me the name of the Russian general commanding the First Ukrainian Army?" the military amateur asked the armchair strategist. "You're darned Vatutin I can," was the reply. . . . This evidently upset the proof-reader of *The Times* magazine section to such an extent that he permitted this moving passage to slip by in a story about Ingrid Bergman: "No lipstick altered the natural contour of her mouth and scant cascara reinforced the long lashes which shade her clear blue eyes." . . .



IF DALE WARREN had not sat himself down to bang out some publicity notes, the world might never have known that Mary Lasswell can tickle the ivories like nobody's business, Konrad Heiden and Dorothy Thompson first met in the Saar Valley, Vanya Oakes is a distant relative of the late Sir Harry, and Lyle Saxon is sure no other author will duplicate his next title: "Gumbo Ya-Ya." The things that man carries around in his head! . . . Helen Jacobs, the girl who always had to grin for the photographers (and how she hated it!) after absorbing her annual trimming from Helen Wills on the tennis court, but who finally achieved the championship when "Little Poker Face" bowed out of the picture, has completed a historical novel called "Storm Against the Wind" which Dodd, Mead propose to publish in April. Miss Jacobs is now a lieutenant in the WAVES. . . . Burns Mantle's "Best Plays of 1899-1909" will be published on February 9. The contents: "Barbara Frietchie," by Clyde Fitch; "The Climbers," by Clyde Fitch; "If I Were King," by Justin Huntley McCarthy; "The Darling of the Gods," by David Belasco and John Luther Long; "The County Chairman," by George Ade; "Leah Kleschna," by C. M. S. McClelland; "The Squaw Man," by Edwin Milton Royle; "The Great Divide," by William Vaughan Moody; "The Witching Hour," by Augustus Thomas, and "The

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BOOK SHOP

"I admit my first folio has the margins trimmed—but your copy, besides having a name on the fly leaf, has the variant binding!"

Man from Home," by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. . . . A learned medico, perusing the verse named "Longevity," which was reprinted in the December 25 Trade Winds, penned the following reply thereto:

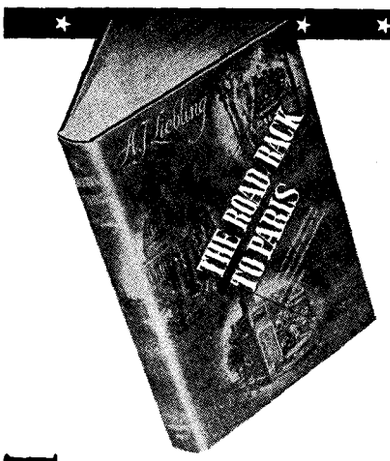
Now, hark ye garglers of vermouth
And listen to the sober truth.
The turtle, elephant and whale
Eschew the use of beer and ale,
Yet you and I shall never know
The age at which they're doomed to go.
The crocodile, that tearful beast,
Is ignorant of brewer's yeast,
But Cleopatra's childhood pet
For all we know is living yet.
The parrot, swan and other bird
Of ethanol has never heard,
Yet lives a century or more,
If anyone would keep the score.

This is no prohibition screed;
I drain the cup and smoke the weed,
And point a moral to this wheeze:
Pray, who would be as one of these? . . .

SUMNER WELLES has signed a contract with Harper's for his forthcoming book. Observers who thought it was ticketed elsewhere reckoned without Cass Canfield. . . . Why has Ray Moley suddenly decided to write a book about the motion picture industry? Why has the Hays office asked every studio to render him all possible assistance? . . . A note from Dr. Mabel Ulrich: "I have just sent off $50.00 to China's Children Fund to buy a cow—and I got the money from the review copies I sold. When I get bored by some of the new books I will remember that cow. I like the idea of silly words being converted into cows, cows into milk, milk into orphans. So whether they know it or not, these lady writers are making Chinese Children!" . . .

WHEN RAY HOLDEN heard that M. Lincoln Schuster had become a member of the Board of Directors of the Encyclopaedia Britannica he inquired innocently "What day are they changing its name to 'A Treasury of the World's Great Facts?'" . . . . Dialogue overheard on a cannibal island: "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?" "That wasn't no lady. That was my dinner!" . . . The Tokyo raid picture is advertised as "The day you saw red—white, and blue!" . . . Robert Considine, enjoying himself at his old sports desk before returning to England, remembers the day a forlorn little football squad from a jerkwater college opened the season against a mighty eleven from Notre Dame. The coach was trying to instil some spirit into his justifiably terrified protégés. "Sure you'll get trimmed," he assured them. "Nobody expects you to do more than your best. At least, show that mob in the stadium that you've got the old moxie—that you can fight to the end for your alma mater. Let's run out on that field as though we expected to win the game!" He threw open the door of the locker room. The inspired squad dashed out with a whoop—and as one man, fell smack into the Notre Dame swimming pool. . . .

BENNETT CERF.



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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Nostalgic Vitamins for Movie Fans

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE MOVIES. By Deems Taylor, Bryant Hale and Marcelene Peterson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1943. 350 *pp.* $3.95.

Reviewed by LEO C. ROSTEN

ANYONE who enjoys looking at pictures will enjoy this fat collection of photographs which, incidental to the presentation of interesting pictures, offers an informal anthology of movies from the days of the kinetoscope to "Mrs. Miniver." This book is a bazaar of camera magic, with over seven hundred exhibits. The pictures are reproduced with technical excellence: they are colorful, amusing, often exciting, and wide in range. I know of no volume which contains as comprehensive and fascinating a collection of scenes from the gallery of motion pictures.

The collection is not, despite the title of the book, a "history" of the movies; it is not, that is, a systematic or analytical record. Mr. Deems Taylor, who has written the chatty text (apparently Bryant Hale and Marcelene Peterson were responsible for assembling the pictures and supplying the technical data), candidly disowns any historiographic techniques or pretensions in his introduction.

This book deserves praise for devoting so much space and so many pictures to what might be called the "pre-feature film" period of the movies. The photographs taken from the archives of the mutoscope and the kinetoscope, the examples of the animated cartoon which preceded the mighty work of Walt Disney, the emphasis upon the early films of Edwin S. Porter, David Wark Griffith, and Mack Sennett, the generous excerpts from the thriller serials of the Pearl White era, and the specimens from the pioneer Westerns, offer a valuable background to the modern film which seems so far removed from its innocent and earthy progenitors. It is lamentable that in the volume as a whole the photographs were selected without a constant standard and without a central and consistent purpose; this is unfortunate for scholarship, if not for entertainment.

There are pictures here which are certain to evoke "Ah's" of recognition from anyone who has ever seen a movie; there are scenes which capture for the viewer (not reader) a warm, nostalgic recollection of the quaint past. There are also pictures which—in a book which attempts to cover as much ground as this one—scarcely deserve the space allotted them. It seems unwise, for example, to grant an entire page to a close-up of Eddie Cantor (and from one of his lesser movies) when there are no scenes at all from such admirable and significant films as "Make Way For Tomorrow," "Scarface," "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," "They Won't Forget," "A Man to Remember," "Our Town," "The Maltese Falcon," "A Man's Castle," and a dozen others which come to mind. If one were to deplore the fact that there is no mention of "The River." "The Plow That Broke the Plains," "The City," "Crisis," or "The Fight For Life," Deems Taylor and his collaborators would probably point out that the collection is concerned solely with the "commercial" film. This explanation, however, would not explain the conspicuous absence of the films listed above.

Deems Taylor uses his text for urbane and casual reminiscences about the movies which are represented; he also corrupts his commentary with curiously irrelevant chit-chat—that one actor was born in Salt Lake City; that Zeppo Marx became an agent; that a director ran away from home at the age of fourteen and at one time worked as a chauffeur; that Gertrude Olmstead is now the wife of Robert Leonard; or that "Camille" was advertised as "Garbo Loves Taylor." Mr. Taylor's commentary seems desperately witty; after the first fifty pages, which are overloaded with jokes and gags, he abandoned the effort at remorseless levity and showed a more restrained concern with his subject matter.

Mr. Taylor has gone to a great deal of trouble in identifying virtually every actor who appears in the photographs; even the names of the more obscure players in the more obscure pictures are carefully provided. The Screen Writers Guild will probably wish that Mr. Taylor had been as conscientious about giving credit to the screen writers. It is most unfortunate that Mr. Taylor ignores those who write the scripts, construct the plots, delineate the characters, suggest the camera angles, and supply the very words and devices through which any story or character reaches the screen. The name of Dudley Nichols, for instance, does not appear once in 350 pages; yet it is Mr. Nichols who

Charlie Chaplin and Harry Myers in a scene from "City Lights," one of the most popular of the 1931 crop.

—*From the book*

Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, and Lil Dagover in a scene from Robert Wiene's "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," 1919.

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INDIA AGAINST THE STORM

by Post Wheeler

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deserves a whacking share of the credit for three films which Deems Taylor gives high praise: "The Informer," "Stagecoach," and "The Long Voyage Home." "The Informer" was based upon the Liam O'Flaherty book; a comparison of that book with the screenplay testifies to the superb job of creation (not mechanical adaptation) which was performed by Dudley Nichols.

The same strange neglect of the role of writers in movie-making recurs throughout the entire volume. Mr. Taylor does not mention the fact that "One Way Passage," in a unique example of skill in converting hokum to drama, was an original screenplay —i.e., a story written directly and exclusively for the movies—by Robert Lord. Mr. Taylor does not remark that "Fury," a superb and important film, was written for the screen from an original story by Norman Krasna. Surely there might have been less gossip about the stars, and more space, instead, for nominal recognition of the writers who create the screenplays.

Mr. Taylor has given much-deserved laurels to David Wark Griffith, probably the most fertile and original creative force in the history of movies, to Mack Sennett, a one-man Pandora's box of delights, and to Charlie Chaplin. I think inadequate justice was done to King Vidor films, "The Crowd" and "Our Daily Bread," both remarkable efforts to break through the movie stereotypes of their day, attempts to swing the cameras of Hollywood upon the more tragic and less Cinderella-ish aspects of our society. "Sergeant York," in my opinion, is more than a movie about a World War hero; the first half of the film contains some of the best material we possess on the folkways of backhill Kentucky and Tennessee.

Ardent movie fans may feel that Deems Taylor has overestimated the dramatic insight of George Arliss and the non-physical talents of Jean Harlow; and that he has profoundly underestimated the acting genius of James Cagney, one of the most subtle and incisive actors in the world, or Cary Grant, whose debonair features do not account for a singularly accomplished talent in comedy and in the genres of characterization.

Since "A Pictorial History of the Movies" is pretty sure to go into many editions, the authors might wish to correct several minor errors: Thomas Meighan is second (not third) from the right in the picture on page 90; it is Douglas Dumbrille, not Lionel Atwill, who is shown on page 282; the story of the formation of United Artists is more complicated and interesting than is suggested in the passing comment on page 92.

Life for Life's Sake

FAR ON THE RINGING PLAINS: 75,000 Miles with a Photo Reporter. By George Rodger. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1943. 295 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

"IT is the most god-awful sensation being machine-gunned—much worse than bombing." This is what Photographer Rodgers of *Life* says, and he ought to know. In Europe, Africa, and Asia he has been the target of both kinds of strafing. He was making the comparison mentally when an anti-tank gun opened up on him at pointblank range.

At the time Mr. Rodger was photographing the "Benghazi for Christmas" drive to clean the Italians out of Libya. He had eaten nothing all day. He was pushing ahead into deserted towns to be on hand for the entrance of the victorious British troops. It was confusing that the Arabs were wearing Italian uniforms. But the situation sorted itself out. The uniforms had been looted from the Duce's empire builders. The Arabs proved their friendliness by bestowing eggs on the courageous photographer and trooping along with him. "I felt like the Pied Piper of Hamelin." The guerdon of eggs provided the best meal he had had in weeks.

It was all in the day's work for the author of "Far on the Ringing Plains." Pleased with his pictures of Britain's war effort, *Life* sent him on a roving assignment through the war areas in Africa and Asia. He left England when the Battle of Britain was at its height and ran the U-boat blockade to the Cameroons by zig-zagging around Iceland and the ice packs of Labrador. His 75,000-mile odyssey took him through the dangers and hardships of battle fronts in Libya, Eritrea, Ethiopia, Syria, Palestine, Transjordania, Iran, India, Burma, and China. It was a veritable Photographer's Progress. Much of the time it was a Slough of Despond that bogged the lensman down in sickness, pain, hunger, filth, vermin, film processing torments, missed trains, missing spark plugs, and censorship frustrations.

By the time what was left of him started home from India, Rodger had lost thirty-five pounds; he had not had a real bath in six weeks; his legs were festered with leech bites. But he had managed to get some memorable pictures back to his office and had proved himself practically indestructible.

For all that, "Far on the Ringing Plains" is a high-hearted story told with spirit, humor, and forbearance. Whether the author is talking about the Flying Tigers, Haile Selassie, the Indian tribesmen who called off their private war to let Rodger get through, the Chinese restaurateur in Lashio who advertised "real American chop-suey" and "raspberry blush soul kiss," he quietly teaches the reader to put up with—when he cannot admire—the human race. The "Baron" is maddening, but Rodger never condemns him. Everywhere there were officials to be cynical about, but Rodger is never cynical. No one can fail to credit him with zeal and honesty in his endeavor to promote inter-Allied understanding.

Mr. Rodger says that he leaves to the correspondents the recording of history. He writes "as non-committally as possible, only of what I saw." The author of "Far on the Ringing Plains" is over-modest. What he saw takes on significance because he brought to it a photographer's eye for detail and a trained observer's sense of historical perspective. To the former we owe remarkable word pictures of the impact of jeep-age war on desert, jungle, wilderness, and native village, of the human equation without which the headlines are little more than sterile rows of letters. To the sense of perspective we owe many a unique story such as that of the first meeting between the British and Russian armies. And how the reader gloats when Photographer Rodger scoops the official press party on that historic meeting!

According to *Life*, "George Rodger has gone to more sweat and pain to get a few pictures than any other photographer." Time and time again the pictures arrived at the *Life* offices so late as to be all but useless. Fortunately, enough of them arrived to provide lavish illustration for "Far on the Ringing Plains."

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Everybody's Business

ROOTS IN THE EARTH: The Small Farmer Looks Ahead. By Alston Waring and Walter Magnes Teller. New York: Harper & Bros. 1943. 202 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL B. SEARS

THE two Pennsylvania neighbors who wrote this book went into farming as mature men, with open eyes which they have managed to keep open. Each has made a go of running a small, family-sized farm. Both of them know from experience that this means hard work, hazard, and frequent anxieties. Yet they like what they have been doing and believe in small-farming as an institution. Three conditions they lay down; (1), the small farmer must learn to coöperate with his fellows; (2), he must make the farm furnish him a good living, and (3), he must understand the special efficiency of the small farm and the need for operating on the basis of conservative, sustained yield instead of exploiting the future for the sake of immediate return.

More than this, the authors are able to view their enterprise in broad perspective, as an aspect of the American scene. The family farm is not only good for those who operate it, but good for the nation. It is a proper milieu for the breeding and training of young Americans (few large cities maintain themselves by their own birthrate), and a clinic for democracy. But to fulfill its destiny it must be more widely understood and appreciated.

The fundamental problem of the small farmer, as this book makes clear, is simply a facet of the great problem of America in this neo-technical age. It is the all but hopeless difficulty faced by the individual who tries to preserve himself in the face of immensity. It is the situation of the former shopkeeper or craftsman who is today obliged to support himself by working for a chain store or a factory. It is the desperation of the voter who

feels himself lost and impotent among the massed millions of other voters and who is in danger of slipping from democracy into fatalism.

All of this is bad enough, but behind it the authors see something more sinister—a virtual conspiracy on the part of big farmers, big business, and politics against the small farmer. No one who has read Wesley McCune's professional analysis of the Farm Bloc will be disposed to toss the indictment lightly aside. Yet I shall venture to question it, from what I have seen both as a student and practitioner of American farming.

The real line of fracture is seldom, in my observation, between the big and little, although I must admit there are exceptions. It is rather along the line which separates competent management from incompetence, diligence from sloth, and professional knowledge of the land from quackery. To be sure, there is greed, flintiness, even stupidity among great operators, corporate or individual, urban or rural. But you can match these qualities in many small farmers. Speaking still from experience, I would have more hope of persuading a tough-minded board of business men to do something for the small farmer than of trying to get a certain type of bone-headed, middle-aged farm operator to modernize his methods. In particular do I doubt that there is any general effort on the part of big farm operators to prevent solvent small ownership so that there will be plenty of cheap labor on the rural market. Where such effort exists, the entire economic and social picture is so unhealthy that this is but one symptom of much more profound disorder.

Yet it is increasingly clear that big business, rural and urban, will be obliged to help out before matters improve much for the small farmer. Messrs. Waring and Teller incline to prefer another alternative, which is strong federal intervention. They make an impressive case, too. The record of most state institutions connected with agriculture was pretty mournful, until the national government took a strong hand in them, and made financial assistance contingent upon trained personnel, respectable scientific standards, and freedom from the more contemptible kinds of politics. Without steady federal pressure, soil conservation would still be a sorry mess.

If corporations, large operators, and state governments wish to prevent further federal encroachment, the remedy is in their own hands. If they will furnish the leadership, the small farmer can furnish the numerical backing. The federal government has enough to do without taking over any jobs that are being well done locally.

Important and stimulating, the book has the added merit of being readable. It is more packed with epigrams than Saturday night at a cross-roads store and the epigrams are better. Now that rationing has sobered our notions of the farmer's importance, it should be widely read, for it deals with everybody's business.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 32

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 32 will be found in the next issue.

XB HKBCDEXKF AKGJEK JDEF CLK MDAQXH BNXQKO CLK KNEF JG PJDEBNQXFCF CJ CLK MDRM. XB CLXF HKBCDET PJDEBNQXFCF LNSK BNXQKO CLKXE JIB KNEF CJ CLK VKTLJQK.

—J. IXQOK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 31

MUSIC EXALTS EACH JOY, ALLAYS EACH GRIEF, EXPELS DISEASES, SOFTENS EVERY PAIN, SUBDUES THE RAGE OF PASSION AND THE PLAGUE.

—JOHN ARMSTRONG

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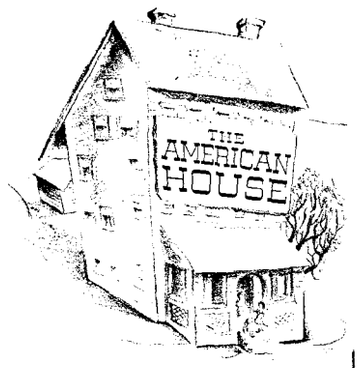

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GREAT AMERICAN PAINTINGS: From Smibert to Bellows. Selected and edited by John Walker and Macgill James. New York: Oxford University Press. 1943. 104 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by THOMAS CRAVEN

THIS book was designed to show by chronological reproductions the development of American painting from the earliest Colonial beginnings to the outbreak of World War I. The selection of the plates, like those of all pictorial anthologies, was largely conditioned by individual preferences, and to complain unduly about preferences would be to deny the editors the right to make a book at all. But it is permissible to point out that the title of the collection is unfortunate and misleading. Not by any stretch of the imagination could more than a small number of the selections be called great, and the editors are aware of that fact when they justify on historical grounds the inclusion of many very ordinary paintings. But if we eliminate the notion of greatness and accept the work on its historical merits, we have not only a valuable book of reference but also an exceptionally large assortment of illustrations most of which are enjoyable in their own right.

There are no serious omissions in the book with the exception of the mural painters the presence of whom, according to the editors, would have expanded the collection beyond the limitations imposed by the War Production Board to conserve paper. The Colonials, the romantics, the impressionists, the cosmopolitans, and the modern realists—all these are exhibited in sequence, and the important men such as Copley, Stuart, Whistler, Sargent, Homer, Eakins, Ryder, and Bellows, are generously represented by four or five pictures each, some in color.

The wisdom of limiting Audubon, one of the great ones, to a single picture while displaying Mary Cassatt, a plodding eclectic, in five canvases may be questioned; and the editorial exclusion of living artists removes John Sloan and Edward Hopper from the old group of "ash can" realists which they founded together with Henri, Bellows, Luks, and Glackens. But these are minor complaints. The book will be welcomed by all who care seriously for American art: the text is short and sensible; the catalogue notes detailed and useful; and the reproductions large and clear—unusually excellent, in fact, in these days when printing difficulties are so general.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
KILLING THE GOOSE *Frances and Richard Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.)	Three women and one man perish before Pam North risks life to break intricate Manhattan murder case for "Loot" Wiegand.	Some irritating loose-ends . . . but suspenseful plot moves according to sure-fire North formula. Pam's delphic non-sequitors amusing as ever.	Top drawer
THE D.A. CALLS A TURN *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Startling identification of body in Cal. auto-smash launches Doug Selby on cold trail that turns out to be a sizzler.	Purists may cavil at one debatable flaw. Still, for suspense, unexpected developments, tightly knit plot, and intelligent sleuthing . . . it's tops.	Grade A
DEATH STOPS THE FROLIC *George Bellairs* (Macmillan: $2.)	English church social abruptly ended by stabbing of exuberant deacon. Supt. Nankivell turns heat on congregation and smokes out double killer.	Painstaking detecting enlivened by pungent and amusing portraits of strange sectarians. Solution not unguessable but suspense holds up until end.	First class
MR. BOWLING BUYS A NEWSPAPER *Donald Henderson* (Random House: $2.)	Murder of wife during London blitz shows Mr. Bowling how easy it is . . . so he keeps right on exterminating!	Lovely mess of carnage, utterly unmoral up to faintly silly end. Very queer dish, excellently written . . . but not for squeamish.	Psychopathic shocker

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Border Society

MEXICAN TIME. By Zoe Lund Schiller. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 311 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by BETTY KIRK

OVER a decade ago D. H. Lawrence tackled the theme of the Anglo-Saxon woman falling in love with the Latin-American man and brought out "The Plumed Serpent," one of the great novels of our time. In Lawrence's sensitive hands the depths of Freudian psychology were probed and a masterly study of primitive versus industrial society produced, with the kudos going to the pagan man.

In "Mexican Time" Zoe Lund Schiller has attempted the same theme and reached the same conclusion but there the comparison ends. Her psychological probings are tortuous but superficial, somewhat like her Spanish which is lavishly but often inaccurately used. It takes a master such as Hemingway successfully to weave the popular phrases into conversation and leave no sense of either strain or falsity.

Yet in spite of its lack of polish "Mexican Time" has vitality, and often acute observation. The contrasts and evils found in the border society, the effects which the American industrial invasion has upon the peaceful handicraft life of the Mexicans, and the inevitable conflicts between the two are well developed. Less convincing is the love story between Hilary Marshall, the American career woman, and Armando Santayana, the Mexican rancher. There are times when Hilary can only be aptly described as a heel, hardly the stuff for great romance. However, in a final purge-by-nature Hilary discovers her true self and bestows it upon the waiting Armando.

As a story, "Mexican Time" has tension, action, and interest and as a first novel, it is an above-the-average performance. One hopes that in her next book Mrs. Schiller will apply to her natural vigor some of the charm of simplification.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 513)

CHARLES LAMB:

A CHAPTER ON EARS

I have been practicing "God Save the King" all my life, whistling and humming it over to myself in solitary corners, and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached.

5 days out of a man's life — one of the strangest, most remarkable narratives ever written

The LOST WEEKEND

A story by CHARLES JACKSON

THE minute his brother Wick closed the door behind him Don Birnam felt positively lightheaded, joyous . . . five whole days ahead of him with no one watching him. In anticipation he could feel the almost choking joy in his body . . . and then the nervous relief after the second drink. Curious how he had been led on by his own insatiable appetite for experience . . . or was it his guilt-ridden mind retracing the mistakes and wrecks of the past? That disastrous experience in the college fraternity . . . his homeless wanderings in Europe . . . his affair with Anna . . . his passion for Scott Fitzgerald and Shakespeare . . . his charming lies . . . his habit of playing his brother Wick for a fool . . . his cruelty to Helen, the one woman he loved . . . and always the drinking. This is a story you have never read before. It is a story of a man in the grip of alcohol — and why; and it moves forward with speed, force, and heartbreaking truth. Don Birnam is someone you know and care about. His five-day week-end of alcoholic excitement, his loneliness, his traffic with pawnshops, his dangerous hangovers, his day dreams and actual nightmares, are unforgettable experiences. Shocking, disturbing, brilliant — THE LOST WEEKEND is one of the great pieces of modern writing. $2.50

FARRAR & RINEHART, NEW YORK

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Books of Adventure for Young People

—Drawing by Frederick T. Chapman from "The Stolen Oracle."

ADVENTURE IN A REAL WORLD

IN this, the first month of one of the most critical years in our history, we seek for the children and the young people books that rival in dramatic value the events that are actually happening all over the world. How can we expect them to turn to books when the pages of the newspapers present every day stories more thrilling, more terrible than the most lurid melodrama? Tales of heroism and of human degradation come hour by hour over the radio. And yet, we who know the children know that in this time of suspense and confusion books can do two things for them. They can inform their minds. They can refresh and reinforce their spirit.

We adults speak of "escape" literature. The term means little to boys and girls; but their "escape" into the beauty and humor and drama that is created for them by writers and artists is far easier than ours. Little girls sigh with content as they turn the pages of "Many Moons." Little boys wink and nod and nudge one another as they survey with shrewd, appraising eyes the doughnut machine in "Homer Price." Ten minutes before these same boys had asked the librarian gravely for the latest and best book on the United States Army bombers. They got it and—with that bit of business out of the way—they turned to pure pleasure. Sticking out of the back pocket of one of them was a copy of "Superman." Would Superman interfere with the authentic and accurate information to be found in the book about Army bombers, or in the lively adventures of Homer Price? Certainly not. Small boys are logical people where their own interests are concerned. "Superman" has his place in the scheme of things; but it is not an important place and *it does not lead to anything.* If an anxious mother asked this particular boy not to read or to buy "Superman," he would probably say;

> But what *difference* does it make?
> Why do you *bother* about it?

They know enough to take Superman and his kind with a grain of salt!

But read or tell them an authentic adventure tale, even if it deals with fantasy rather than with realism, and see how their attitude changes. A Negro boy in his teens, after listening to one of the "Jack Tales," said seriously;

"You know, that sounds exactly as though it was *true.*"

Jack deals with witches who change into black cats, with giants who "have four heads on them"—and yet his adventures *do* sound as though they were true. Why? Because Jack himself is a typical American. He has a quick wit, courage, resourcefulness, the "gift of gab," and an inexhaustible fund of dry humor. Jack is our soldier and our sailor and our airman who is fighting today in Italy and around and above the atolls of the Pacific. The children recognize him.

Now, more than ever before, we want their reading to play a vital part in their living. If they select the wrong book, we must not say; "Do not read that." We must see that they get the right book, and say; "Perhaps you would like to read this." In other words we must take an affirmative, not a negative, attitude toward their reading. We must counter second-rate moving pictures and the comic strips with books that tell them things that really happened, or that might have happened, of men who really lived or who might have lived, of animals who do not dress in men's clothes and talk men's talk but move within the closed circle of their own world.

Here are a few of them, selected from the publisher's lists for 1943.

MARY GOULD DAVIS,
Children's Book Editor.

WHAT ROME MEANT

THE STOLEN ORACLE. By Jay Williams. Illustrations by Frederick T. Chapman. New York: Oxford University Press. 1943. 222 *pp.* $2.

THIS is not a particularly well written book, but it does accomplish something that is important. It makes the streets of Rome under Augustus Caesar as living and vital as the streets of an American city today. Moreover, it will be welcomed by boys and girls as a "mystery story." And it is just that.

The sacred books of the Sibylline Oracle are stolen from the Temple of Apollo on the Palatine Hill. A Roman boy, quick witted, determined, and resourceful, finds and restores them, restoring at the same time the fortunes of his family and the honor of his name. It is an old plot, but the background and the characters give it a new twist. One timely detail is that the thief is a German gladiator. The Huns coveted the Eternal City even then! With Gaius, the Roman boy, and his red-headed and impetuous young friend we see a chariot race, we watch the games in the great amphitheater on the Field of Mars. We talk with the Emperor in the inner garden of his home, and with the poet Horace in his library. And all these scenes lead on to the climax of the plot when a secretary of the Emperor's who seeks to destroy Gaius and his family betrays the two boys and accuses them of stealing the Oracle. This is a good scene. So is the one that follows, where Gaius attacks the German with his father's sword. The book has humor, too. The scene in the house of Maecenas, when Rufus eats too

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much of the exquisite food, is natural and amusing.

In the end Gaius and Rufus are formally declared Roman citizens with the Emperor himself as their sponsor in the crowded Forum. In these days Americans who know Rome well will read all this with a sense of almost sickening anxiety for those priceless and beautiful things that Rome has guarded for so many centuries. Boys and girls will read it with a lively interest and a quickening curiosity.

M. G. D.

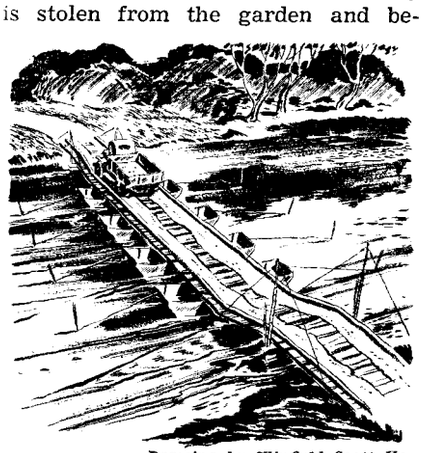
JUNGLE STORY

HATHOO OF THE ELEPHANTS. By Post Wheeler. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 333 *pp.* $2.50.

FROM the jungles of Mysore, the part of India that was background for that amazing film "Jungle Boy," comes an exciting adventure story, based on the legend of the "man-child" who is brought up by wild animals. The author is Post Wheeler, scholar, diplomat, and writer whose Russian and Albanian wonder tales are classics in their field. One does not need to compare this story with Rudyard Kipling's "Mowgli," although it follows in many ways the same pattern. Obviously both writers know India. It is Father Wolf in the Mowgli stories who rescues the human baby from the tiger and brings him up with his own cubs. Here the baby son of an Englishman is deliberately stolen from the garden of the Guest House at Kharapur in revenge for the human killing of an elephant calf. These are the wild elephants of the Closed Jungle who live under their own strict laws, whose ruler is the Raj' Hathi. When Yellow Tusk, the mother of the murdered calf, tells her tale, Hathi gives the Law;

> Whelp for whelp, the man-cub will balance the calf. It is the man-cub who will pay the debt.

So the tiger and the leopard take the trail to Kharapur, the Armistead baby is stolen from the garden and becomes Hathoo, foster son of Yellow Tusk and a member of the tribe.



—Drawing by Winfield Scott Hoskins from "Road to Alaska."

There are some thrilling scenes in the story—moments when the wild beasts are magnificent in their courage and their loyalty to one another, when the wisdom of the Law of the Jungle makes one question our man-made laws. As Hathoo grows and develops, the beasts, great and small, the snakes and birds become to him part of an orderly world that is centered in the Raj' Hathi and the tree under which the elephant assembly is held. Like Mowgli, he is taught to obey rigidly the jungle laws—unchanging as the rising and setting of the sun. So vividly is this world of his presented that the story becomes an historical record. We believe every word of it.

Only in its ending does our belief waver. In this version of the legend, Hathoo leaves the jungle eventually and goes back to his family in England. He is fifteen when the break comes. A great fire sweeps through the jungle, driving the terrified beasts and birds before it. In trying to escape it many of the elephant tribe die. Hathoo is swept by the headlong flight into a stream, lies unconscious for hours, and wakes to find himself at the feet of his own English mother. She has come in a plane to find him —the white boy whom the natives had seen running with the wild elephants. Hathoo's mother knows him by a birthmark—and his education as man begins. A curious and fascinating man he must have been! We close the book reluctantly. For a brief, breathless space we have lived in Hathoo's world. It is an experience not to be missed. M. G. D.

WAR AGAINST WILDERNESS

ROAD TO ALASKA. Story by Douglas Coe. Pictures by Winfield Scott Hoskins. New York: Julian Messner. 1943. 175 *pp.* $2.50.

THE United States Army Engineers are the heroes of this thrilling tale of the war between the Northern wilderness and men and machines. The engineers were told to build the foundations of the Alaska Road in a year. Attacking at three points, they built it in a little over eight months. Only an army made up of resourceful individuals could have done it, and an American sense of humor certainly helped! They called one of the trucks "Susie," and treated her as though she were a temperamental woman instead of a machine. When the pet deer, carefully brought up on a baby's bottle, and known as "Moosevelt," ate five pounds of dehydrated eggs—and died—the Army cooks all the way from Dawson Creek to Fairbanks were teased unmercifully. Hadn't the men *told* them about those eggs?

When the Spring thaw slowed them up, they were bored to death, although they remained cheerful. When they could go on with the muddy, cold, difficult job they yelled loudly and attacked the forest with such vigor that, long, long before the head engineers expected it, the two corps met—and the Road was through.

Winfield Hoskins has made stunning black and white drawings and some informing maps for this true story of American daring and initiative. Every event, great and small, since that day in November, 1942, when the ribbon across the Alaska Highway was cut, confirms the importance of what the Secretary of the Interior called "the Little Man's Road, where Mr. Jones and Mr. Ivanovich and Mr. Chang will help each other fix a flat."

The saga of its building will become a North American legend.

M. G. D.

—Drawing by Paul Bransom from "The Biggest Bear on Earth."

ALASKAN BROWN BEAR

THE BIGGEST BEAR ON EARTH. By Harold McCracken. Drawings by Paul Bransom. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1943. 114 *pp.* $2.

THE most ardent naturalist will find nothing to challenge in this story of the great brown bears of Alaska—the biggest bears on earth. Like a documented history, every detail is convincing. Mr. McCracken has evidently spent long hours watching these bears when they thought themselves unobserved.

> Like humans [he says] they have their happy moments and their sad ones. Some are good and some are not. Some go out of their way to avoid trouble, while others are trouble makers and bullies. But to every one life is a continual and sometimes exceedingly cruel struggle for survival.

As he builds the story of the bear cub, Roughneck, up from birth through his adult triumph over Giant, the leader of the bears on the Alaskan Peninsula, we get a perfect pattern of the life of these enormous beasts who sometimes weigh as much as two

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4 excellent Junior Books *from* LONGMANS

THE PAGEANT *of* CANADIAN HISTORY

By Anne Merriman Peck. "A comprehensive, clear over-all picture of Canadian history that is really good reading and eminently worthwhile . . . The rich and colorful story is indeed a pageant."—*Los Angeles Times.* All ages. *Illus.* $3.00

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY

Trail Maker of the Seas

By Hildegarde Hawthorne. A biography of a famous Navy officer and inventor, who mapped the ocean highways and aided marine travel for decades to come. "Written with warm enthusiasm."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* All ages. $2.25

PAINTER'S COACH

By Ilse Bischoff. The adventures of itinerant painters in New England, and of a boy's development as an artist. "Memorable for its sense of life and of truth."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Ages 10-15. *Illus.* $2.25

ONCE THE HODJA

By Alice Geer Kelsey. "Humorous folklore from Turkey. . . . the flavor and fun of the people of the Near East."—*Horn Book.* Ages 8-12. *Illustrated.* $2.00

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.
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thousand pounds. The winter hibernation, the spring awakening, the fishing for salmon, the short golden summer and winter again swing by in this rhythmic pattern as Roughneck grows and develops. We learn what he enjoys, what he hates, what he fears. Paul Bransom's drawings tell even more of Roughneck and his friends and family. This is the true biography and these the true pictures of one of North America's mightiest inhabitants. M. G. D.

MAN O' WAR

BIG RED. Text and Pictures by C. W. Anderson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 66 *pp.* $2.

THIS is the story of Man O' War, the greatest horse of our time—perhaps of all time. It is an honest biography, and it is as carefully documented as a family tree. On the end-papers and all through the pages are beautiful lithographic drawings of Man O' War and his contemporaries, and as we turn the pages our feeling grows for this amazing horse whose hoofbeats have thrilled thousands. His trainer and constant companion, Will Harbut, said of him;

> Folks talk about a "second Man O' War." There ain't any second Man O' War. This is the greatest horse of them all. Nobody will ever know how good he was—there wasn't anything to run with him. There ain't ever been anything like him and maybe there won't ever be again.

On March 29, 1944, Man O' War will be twenty-seven years old. This book on him is a fitting celebration for his birthday. M. G. D.

KATY GOES HOME

KATY AND THE BIG SNOW. Story and Pictures by Virginia Lee Burton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1943. 38 *pp.* $2.

KATY is a beautiful red crawler tractor. She is also a "character." She is named with the felicity that the men of our Armed Services show when they name their tanks. Few artists know as well as Mrs. Burton how to give personality to inanimate objects. We can see Katy as a woman, big and red-faced and jolly, sweeping all before her with her energy and determination. Mrs. Burton won the Caldecott Medal for 1941 through giving personality and beauty to "The Little House" that was swallowed up by the city and found its way back to the apple orchard again.

Katy is not concerned with apple orchards! She works for the Highway Department of the city of Geoppolis. She is strong and modern and efficient. In the marginal drawings we are shown her "horse-power"—a touch that small boys will thoroughly appreciate. In a double-page spread, in color, we are shown a map of the city, intricate and informing.

Then the snow comes. Katy goes out immediately with her huge snow-plow attachment. The snow keeps on falling, falling, until everything in the city is blocked . . . but Katy.

"Help!", shouts the Fire Department, the Police Department, the Hospital, the Post Office, the Railroad Station.

"Sure," answers Katy. "Just follow me!"

And we follow her through page after page of snow, until the streets are cleared and everything functions again. Then Katy goes home to rest. Because of the delightful details that fill the pages, children will want to own this book. It will take a long, long time to follow Katy. And it will be lots and lots of fun. M. G. D.

ALL BY HIMSELF

THE PUP HIMSELF. By Morgan Dennis. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 41 *pp.* $1.

CAN anyone, dog lover or not, resist this ragamuffin of a puppy? Printed in sepia on cream-colored paper, his adventures will lead the children into beauty and laughter. We are not told his pedigree, but his rough coat, his expressive tail, his busy legs, his wicked eye seen through an untidy lock of hair makes us guess that he is partly at least an Irish terrier. From the moment when Mr. Moriarty, the janitor, tips up the garbage can and finds Himself inside there is no break in the pace of his adventures. He is off, and we are after him, breathless but determined not to miss one of his tricks. Cats, dogs, people, strange smells and places—Himself takes them all in his stride. The whirl of action slows down only when he finds himself in—of all places—the wings on the stage of a theatre where a troop of performing dogs are out in front of the footlights. Himself is in pursuit of a cat, and when he and the cat appear on the stage with no warning whatever, the prize poodle is so startled that he drops his ball. Someone in the audience throws it back—and it is Himself who catches it! The audience shout with delight, Himself plays up to them and "steals the show." We leave him, a bit exhausted, but well started on his career as a clown-dog. Boys and girls will find his rapid climb up the ladder of success convincing and amusing. M. G. D.

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A novel of Boston in Revolutionary times.

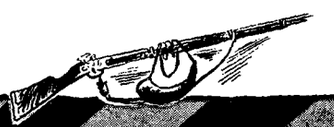
Johnny Tremain

BY ESTHER FORBES

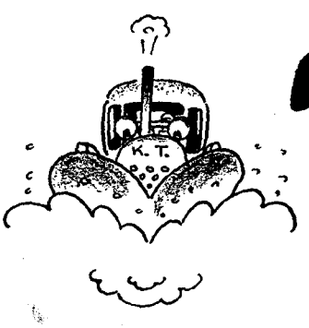
"This is Esther Forbes at her brilliant best. She has drawn the character of Johnny with such sympathy and insight that he may well take his place with Jim Hawkins, Huck Finn and other young immortals." — *Chicago Sun*

"The most distinguished novel for the teen age we have had in years."—*New York Times*

Written by the author of the Pulitzer prize-winner, PAUL REVERE AND THE WORLD HE LIVED IN. $2.50

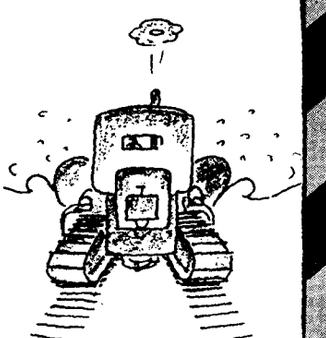


In the summer Katy, the crawler-tractor, wore a bulldozer and pushed dirt, and in the winter she wore a snow plow and kept the roads clear. What Katy did in a big blizzard made history in Geoppolis.



Katy

AND THE BIG SNOW



BY VIRGINIA LEE BURTON

"Katy is presented with an endearing humor. As always, Miss Burton's drawings have beauty and distinction." — *New York Times*

"Irresistible charm." — *Philadelphia Record*

Written by the author of THE LITTLE HOUSE, winner of the Caldecott medal for the 'most distinguished picture book for children' of 1942. $2.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS

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FUSSY ADVENTURE

ON THE DARK OF THE MOON. By Don Lang. Pictures by Nedda Walker. New York: Oxford University Press. 1943. 235 *pp.* $2.

THIS is the story of Siddy, a Negro boy who lives on a farm in Maryland, and of two raccoons. There is one chapter in it that has an almost epic quality. Fussy, the lady raccoon who was born in captivity and is a temperamental lady as raccoons go, escapes from the County Fair where she is being exhibited, lives her own wild and satisfying life in the swamplands, and becomes in time the "hunted" animal, the hunters being Siddy and a group of men which includes Mister Walt, the owner of the farm. They have with them, of course, a pack of intelligent and highly trained hounds. Fussy conceals her three babies cleverly behind the dried leaf clusters on a huge oak tree. Then she tries to draw the dogs away and confuse the scent. But the oldest and best of the dogs, Blaze, is too much for her. He is wise in the way of coons. After a desperate battle the dogs "tree" her. There is only one way to save her babies and that is to sacrifice herself. As she moves slowly down the trunk of the oak tree nearer and nearer to the open, gaping mouths of the dogs Siddy recognizes her. With admirable self-control he pulls the dogs away and chains them. Then he kneels before the oak tree and wills Fussy to come to him. There is something deeply moving about this scene. The great value of the book lies in its handling of human relationships and of the wild things.

And Don Lang has an uncanny knowledge of raccoons! Bill and Fussy are sharply characterized, but they are always animals. They are never forced or "humanized." The illustrations are fascinating. They are portraits in the best sense of the word. They "portray" the characters, including Bill and Fussy, with honesty and understanding. Children are quick to accept or reject pictures of characters that have the warmly human quality of Siddy and his "folks." They will approve these. M. G. D.

THE PRESTON FAMILY

THE OPEN GATE. Written and Illustrated by Kate Seredy. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

ALL human beings are at times pushed by some mysterious power into unexpected adventures. Gran incarnates that power in the Preston family and occasionally acts like a good fairy, a mischievous imp, and a moderate dictator. It is

—Drawing by Nedda Walker from "On the Dark of the Moon."

she who suggests to father that he bid at a country auction, just to get the thing going. And the New York Prestons, much against their will, find that they have a farm and will have to live on it!

But they have illuminating experiences and lots of fun. Everyone learns to work. They come to love the country where people have more room to grow. Like trees, they develop into sounder and sturdier beings.

This is a rich book where, through moving and humorous happenings father, mother, Dick, and Janet and their neighbors, the Van Korans, discover one another and a full life. The younger children gain a friend in Andrew Van Koran and with him have strange and exciting adventures. They catch a turtle as big as a dragon and shoot a puma in the winter snow. Through Mike—a character out of the Old World—the war comes into the story with its demands and loyalties. The author has expressed here, as in "The Good Master" and "The Singing Tree," her deep love for the country and for all living things. The illustrations in black and white have the same warmth and humor as the story.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

J. STRONG SMITH

THE SUN TRAIL. By Merritt Parmelee Allen. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1943. 198 *pp.* $2.

"HE can do everything an Indian can and better, and he has all the best points of a white man to boot." That was what General Ashley said of Jedediah Strong Smith, fur-trader and scout, in 1826.

Young Bob Evans, aged eighteen, half British and half American, seeing America for the first time, was fortunate to meet with Jed. Jedediah's hope was to find the trail to California from the East, to map out the way for the many that he foresaw would follow. This book is based upon his journals and the maps that he drew in the spare pages of his Bible.

Bob, though a greenhorn, felt the fascination of the West, and was ready to follow Jed when he suggested trying to find a quicker route to the Great Salt Lake where the trapper's rendezvous was to be held the following July. On the way Bob had his first experience of a buffalo stampede. Later their horses were stolen, and they had to finish the long trek on foot. But hardships did not matter to Jed. He had found a new trail that shortened the way and would be used by thousands in the years to come!

Eventually Jedidiah fulfilled his great ambition and mapped an eastern approach to California. He and Bob, with their party, were the first white men to cross the desert and the mountains and look down over the San Gabriel Valley to the land that bordered the Pacific Ocean.

Founded on fact, this is a fine tale of endurance and achievement.

MURIEL GILBERT.

ENERGETIC JOHN

TWO LOGS CROSSING; JOHN HASKELL'S STORY. By Walter D. Edmonds. Illustrated by Tibor Gergely. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1943. 82 *pp.* $2.50.

LIFE in the Mohawk Valley in the eighteen thirties was a survival of the fittest. There was little future for so shiftless a family as the Haskells in the settlement of High Falls. But it sometimes happens that a shiftless family turns out one member with energy and a sense of responsibility. The Haskells turned out John. At sixteen, when his father died, he proceeded to repair the family farm and fortune and succeeded, moreover, with the help of shrewd, crusty old Judge Doane, Seth, the Indian trapper, and his own dogged determination.

This is an Horatio Alger plot out of authentic New York State folk lore. But Walter Edmonds has made John Haskell's story worth reading; he has created real characters in a measure as good as those of his earlier stories, "The Matchlock Gun" and "Tom Whipple." John's winter in the woods with Indian Seth, the trapper, will have a strong appeal to boys from ten to twelve.

Tibor Gergely's drawings in black and white carry a real feeling of the North Woods in winter and his people are true to their time and place.

JACQUELINE OVERTON.

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The Phoenix Nest

THE WAR DEAD

I DO not pity the dead, to whom the fierce death came
Like flame, in a wild day or out of a nightmare night. . .
I pity the mean little minds that remain the same
Despite all that men die for—all men live for, despite!

I pity the ignorance of the street, their love of the base;
Mouths with the stale dirt-word their filth forever spewing;
The loud laughter of hoodlums, the guffaw on the doughlike face;
The somnambulists that know not what they are doing.

I pity those petted women, too, with pat moronic phrase,
Pat prejudice, pat catchword, objection, and derision,
Pat-patting their hair and buffing their nails to the end of their useless days,
Powdering flesh and protesting at any vision.

I pity the wrangling ranters over what they cannot get
And what they think they deserve, when over all seas and lands
Men through interminable hardships are toiling with blood and sweat,
Grappling in smoke, or heaving loads with their hands.

I pity even those soldiers caught up in the midst of a war
Of tremendous issues, with only a petty private interest in it,
Nor the slightest understanding of what the world is fighting for,
Nor concentration upon it for more than a minute.

I pity the representatives of a people half asleep
Fooled by "business" and politicians —fooled to the top of their bent—
And vicious mules in Congress braying hate, on top of the heap,
And Men marveling where their right to the suffrage went!

Yes, these I pity—and hate. I light my hate from my pity.
And I pray that it burns to the end of my life, till some things I would say are said—
Though it only sand-blast one small stone in one wall of the Devil's City.
These are the War Dead I pity. I do not pity the dead.

This is certainly an amazing age we live in! The American Communist party now comes out for Free Enterprise and the Two Party System! And then, after everyone has been shushing us lest we offend Russia, there was *Pravda's* extraordinary rumormongering. In this connection, of Topsy-Turvydom, it amused me recently to think of the people who had accused me of being a Communist when I mildly wondered about what everyone else seemed to know: that the great corporate interests in America have made, and are making, enormous profits. It amused me to think of this while reading "Der Fuehrer," by Konrad Heiden. For on pp. 454-455 he speaks of the encyclical published by Pope Pius XI in 1931, *Quadrigesimo Anno,* in which "the Church attacked sharply the system of monopoly capitalism, that 'immense concentration, not only of capital, but also of power and economic might in the hands of individuals'; it attacked also the 'imperialism of international finance capital,' which feels at home 'wherever there is booty to be had', and said 'the just ordering of economic life cannot be entrusted to free competition.' To be sure, communism was 'godless and unjust,' and even moderate socialism . . . remains incompatible with the doctrine of the Catholic Church." Well, brothers, that somehow makes me seem a lot nearer to the Catholic Church than to Communism—especially the American brand, which now appears to me to imitate a chameleon on a Scotch plaid! Or is this an adaptation of the Jesuitical casuistry initiated as a proselytizing procedure by a branch of the Catholic Church itself? It does not do to inquire very deeply these days into the whys and wherefores of things!

Joseph Joel Keith, the California poet, comments on a recent poetic attitude which seems to me equally puzzling:

ONE WORLD OF SILENCE
or Wordless World for the Common Man

"I ask with trepidation, is it possible that now is a time not to speak, but to be silent?" *Gilbert Maxwell* in *Voices.*

Button your firm lip, Miss Millay.
Hold your horses, Bill Benét.
Karl Shapiro, cease the talkie.
Quiet, all you lads in khaki!
Gilbert would not hear your pieces.
Maybe—when the century ceases.

Sit down, Sandburg, take a nap.
Noyes, pet silence in your lap.
Jeffers, let no word be loud.
Poets, poets, find a cloud.
Gilbert seeks, with trepidation,
A silent, *à la* Maxwell, nation!

And here are the comments promised on the Hiawatha controversy. First, Mrs. George Walters of Philadelphia, has spoken to me of the well-known fact that Longfellow owed a lot, including the metre, to the Finnish epic, the Kalevala. "But what is more important," she says, "whole sections are but a literal translation, such as 'Ever thicker, thicker, thicker fell the snow on moor and fenland, etc.' "

Then here's the jaunty Paul Paine of the Syracuse Public Library:

We Onondagans love the jaunty way in which you say "Hiawatha came, of course, straight from the Chippewa Indians of the Northern Peninsula of Michigan."

Sir, as some great man once said on a similar occasion, go read the history of your country! The greatest empire of Indians that ever lived in America was the empire of the Iroquois. The five warring tribes who united to form this empire were brought together by Hiawatha, who came down from the clouds in his white canoe and landed on Onondaga Lake, just north of what is now Syracuse. If there was a Chippewa who bore the name he was but a pseudo-Hiawatha.

Following which, P. Schuyler Miller, of Schenectady, has this to say:

Why is it that no American poet (or as far as I know, no poet of any nation) has ever sung us the song of the real Hiawatha? It is no doubt an old story that Longfellow's Indian hero had no relation whatsoever to the real and semi-historic bearer of that name. Any poet who tried to disabuse the public mind of the impression that Hiawatha is a child of the Great Lakes area would probably be ramming his noddle into concrete. It still needs to be done. The blame, of course, lies with the old master of misinformation, Schoolcraft. For his times, he *was* probably a master—but he had an unfortunate predilection for accepting somebody's sayso as gospel. . . .

The Hiawatha who was a founder of the great League of the Iroquois—the poet, song-maker, man of sorrows, mystic, peace-carrier, law-maker, preacher of brotherhood—deserves a song of his own. The Iroquois legends are very different from the Chippewa tales which Schoolcraft attached to the name of Hiawatha. In all probability Longfellow could not and would not have sung their song as he did that of the Algonkians. But there must be, somewhere, a poet who can.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Robinson Crusoe," by Daniel Defoe.
2. "Enoch Arden," by Alfred Tennyson.
3. Lemuel Gulliver, in "A Voyage to Lilliput," by Jonathan Swift.
4. "Don Juan," by Lord Byron.
5. Prospero, in "The Tempest," by W. Shakespeare.
6. William Crichton, in "The Admirable Crichton," by James M. Barrie.
7. Sanger Rainsford, in "The Most Dangerous Game," by Richard Connell.
8. "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," by Frank Stockton.
9. Mr. Royle, in "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," by Clark Russell.
10. Marlow, in "Youth," by Joseph Conrad.

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The Crostics Club

LADY GILBERT CARTER, peripatetic wanderer, writing this time from Charleston, S. C., suggests as a pleasing aspect of DCs "the opening of the doors of memory into the individual life of the solver; as, "in No. 508, you brought for me out of the mind's storehouse, long dormant, a visit to the London studio of Alma-Tadema. I was fourteen and all the thrill of that afternoon comes back through the years."

Ellen Bradford Stebbins, Duxbury, Mass., has sent me "in appreciation of many DCs" a brochure she has written, "A Home on the Rolling Deep," reminiscences of her sea-life with her father, John Bradford, 1823-93, recalled for the Duxbury Rural and Historical Society. According to it she came into the world in 1851! It should be a fascinating and most unusual experience to recall in these changed days.

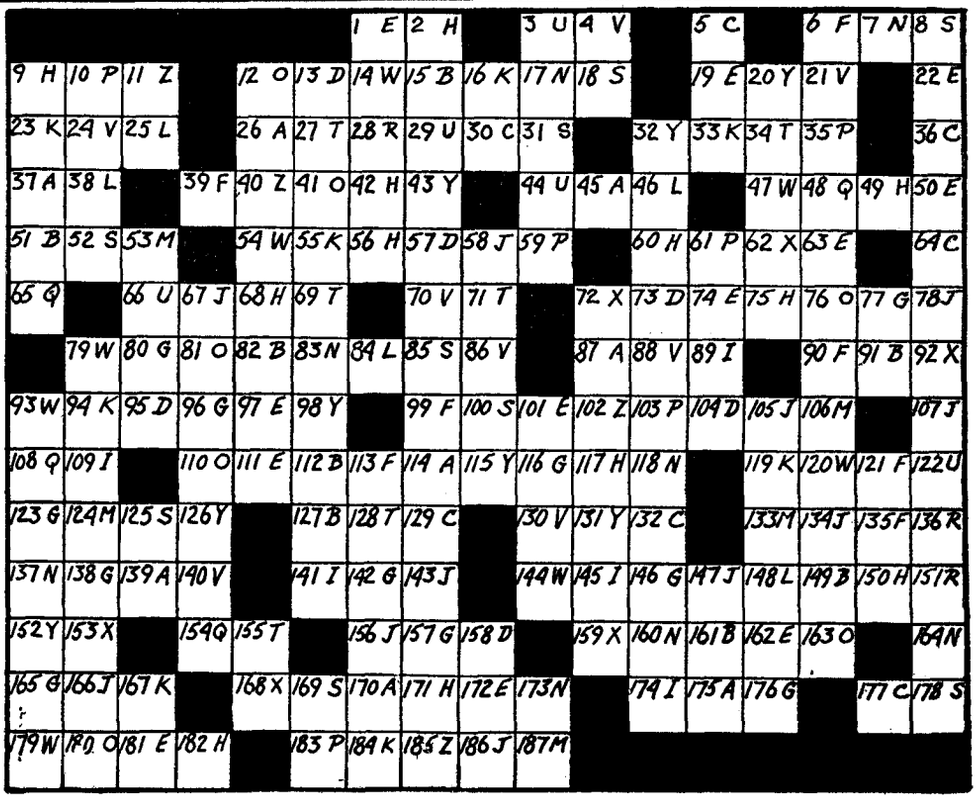
Thomas Rice Rollo, Mendota, Wis., in commenting on the historical make-up of my DCs, tells me that word or quotation puzzles similar to mine, but without the Acrostic, originated in the form of Scriptural texts which his mother recalled working on at Miss Gregg's Seminary as a young girl, in about 1880. I am aware that my DCs are a combination of elements existing respectively long before I tackled the job of putting them together.

Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Calif., comments on the fun of deducing the right word from two or three letters, like *somehow* from *m-e-w;* and of her pleasure in following up a word or a quotation to its source—as *nepenthe,* which her brother recalled at once for its use in Poe's "Raven." "Whereupon," she continues, "we got out that good old anthology, 'Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song,' and enjoyed the poem anew for its ingenious rhymes." Does someone else recall its use in a Gilbert and Sullivan song?

Jeanette Sturgis, Redlands, Calif., suggests that the *SRL* editors consider the wisdom of printing the answers to the Literary I.Q. upside down so that the eye of the reader doesn't strike them before she sees the Quiz. Might it not be a good idea for the answer to the previous DC for those behind the current issue?

Kenneth Roberts, Kennebunkport, Me., honors us with this query: "Would you be kind enough to let me know in what edition of the Bible you found *Rahab* in Job ix, as in your puzzle No. 3 in Series 15? I'd like very much to have that edition in my library." Alas, one's lapses are sure to find one out—I took it from WNI without verifying it as is my practice in such cases! He adds: "When I was in Siberia in 1918 Omsk was some 3000 miles from eastern Siberia, so that we regarded it as a west-Siberian city (Puzzle No. 4)," Woe is me!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 514

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 27 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Small European Saxicoline bird, sings well.
B. 11th sign of the Zodiac.
C. Bordered (Bot. and Zool.)
D. Popular *Valse* by Sibelius.
E. Opera by Donizetti (English title).
F. Erases; obliterates (2 wds.)
G. Overwhelmingly; unsparingly (3 wds.)
H. A low German tongue now spoken by the less literate classes.
I. Large, light-colored antelope of Africa, etc.
J. Descriptive appellation of the poison ivy (comp.)
K. An inscription on lasting material as metal.
L. A semanteme (Linguistics).
M. Carries or bears in one's arms or on shoulders (colloq. U. S.)
N. The porcupine.
O. Furnished with talent, a gift, etc.
P. That which is held secure in the mind.
Q. Goddess of War (Gr. Relig.)
R. A rounded cake or biscuit (Cookery).
S. A military command for readiness of action.
T. To be in poor condition (2 wds.)
U. Cabbage soup (Russian).
V. A strong glottal stop or catch (like the Danish stod) (Phonet.)
W. Set apart as one's share.
X. Principal posts at foot of staircase.
Y. A tropical American yam of superior quality (comp.)
Z. Wriggling.

WORDS

26 45 114 175 170 37 87 139
91 112 82 127 161 149 15 51
129 30 177 64 5 36 132
73 13 104 95 57 158
172 63 97 111 1 74 50 22 162 19 101 181
99 113 6 121 135 39 90
157 123 146 165 142 176 96 80 116 77 138
49 68 75 117 56 182 150 9 2 42 60 171
174 89 109 141 145
156 134 186 67 78 58 105 107 166 147 143
167 33 55 16 23 94 119 184
148 84 38 25 46
133 124 53 187 106
17 118 173 83 7 164 160 137
110 76 180 81 12 41 163
103 61 183 59 35 10
48 108 65 154
151 136 28
8 18 85 100 31 169 52 178 125
27 69 128 34 71 155
122 44 66 29 3
140 130 70 4 86 21 24 88
120 54 179 14 79 93 144 47
92 168 159 153 62 72
98 20 126 131 152 32 115 43
102 185 40 11

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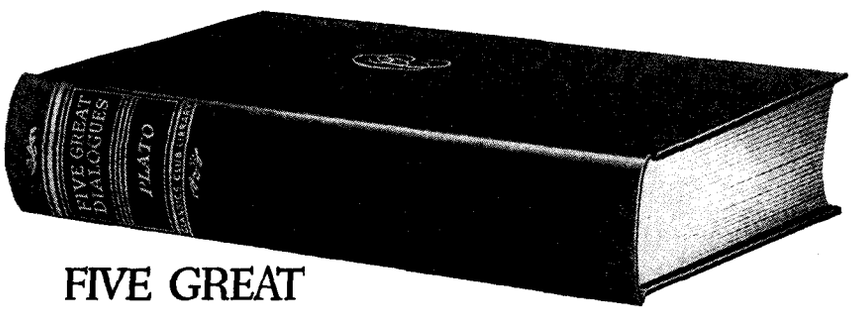

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